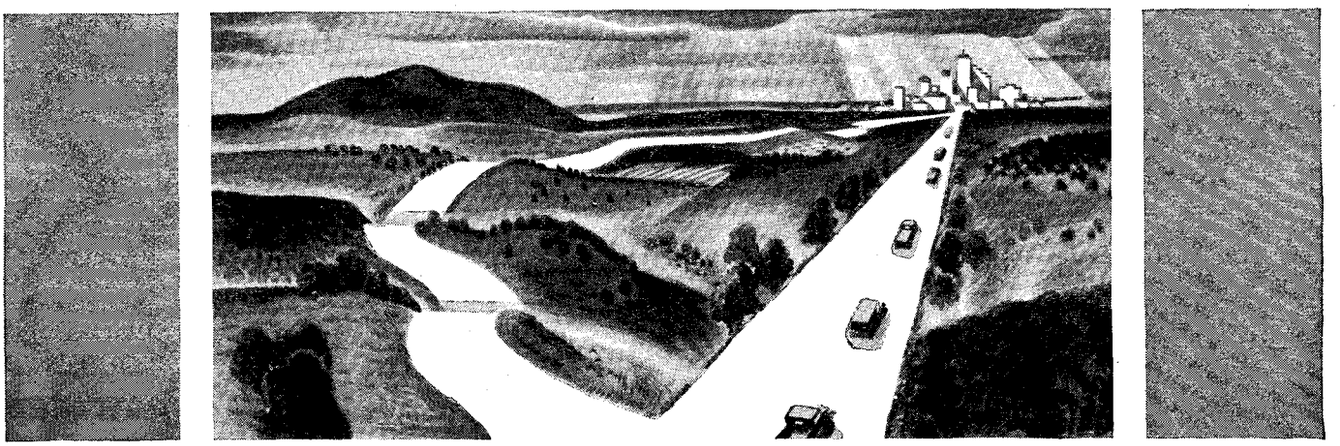

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Facts About
Western Electric
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With Our Readers

The Massie Case Again

To the Editor:

SIR—In the March issue of your magazine, R. D. Brown, Northfield, Minn., burst forth in a pean of praise for Mrs. Fortescue and Lieut. Massie for killing Joseph Kahahawai, one of the five supposed rapists. Mr. Brown, like most Americans, believes in murder especially when a white woman is alleged to have been attacked. It does not matter to him whether or not proofs have been educed to prove that the man is guilty of a rape or not. The assumption is that a white woman cannot lie, but that all men who are not white are liars. Of course any one who is not a quasi- and pseudo-student of social conditions knows this to be a lie. Mr. Brown's letter would be irritating if it were not so pathetic. He weeps and even sheds crocodile tears and asks the foolhardy question, "Is it not begging the question to ask a person to wait for blinded and strangled justice to deal out her twisted verdict?"

Such a statement is puerile, infantile and inane and in fact it is pusillanimous. It has been my privilege as a sailor to go to Honolulu, and I know the attitude of marines and sailors when they go to these foreign countries. In the first place, they carry their inferiority complex with them and everybody who is not white is supposed to be an asinine fool and an inferior to them. I have seen white naval officers frequent the Red Light District and hold the brown skin Hawaiians on their laps. I have also seen naval officers' wives ride on the backs of the brown Hawaiian men and play with them on the sand, and when they got a chance, they sat on the laps of the brown Hawaiians and, strange to say, they did not think that these Hawaiians were rapists. It is said that comparisons are odious, but Mr. Brown's comparisons are honorific. He puts himself down as a deliberate fool when he cries for the blood of Kahahawai without knowing whether or not he is guilty. Even the editor of the OUTLOOK goes on the rocks at this point and allows his feelings to run away with him . . . .

Mr. Brown and the editor of the OUTLOOK may call these men anything else they so desire, but they are lynchers and mobbists and ought to be punished to the fullest extent of the law. I think it is about time that editors of a supposedly liberal magazine took a definite stand against lynchers and mobbists. A congressional investigation shows that 4,000 Negroes or more have been lynched in the past forty years and less than ten per cent of them have been alleged to have raped a white woman. A very late report for one year has proven that over half of the persons lynched were not guilty of any crime whatever.

New York. L. F. COLES.

[*Editor's Note*—The OUTLOOK published Mr. Brown's letter, like the above, because we were interested in it and not because we agreed with it. In fact, we frankly published our disagreement with Mr. Brown's main thesis—that the Massie-Fortescue group were entitled to take the law in their hands. As for Mr. Coles's letter we are forced to omit one paragraph because it tends to libel Mrs. Massie. We publish his last paragraph although, in its insinuation that we have not taken a definite stand against lynchers and mobbists, it tends to libel the OUTLOOK. If Mr. Coles were even slightly familiar with the OUTLOOK, he would know how definitely it has stood against lynching.]

A Way Out of Depression

To the Editor:

SIR—Will you allow me to express my appreciation of the article by J. Bayard Clark (OUTLOOK February 3rd) asking, "Are Our Industrial Overlords Guilty?" If they are they have not been alone in guilt. We have all sat back and let them have their way altogether too long. If the account, as he says, is now handed to the middle class for settlement it behooves us to begin to study the situation to find a way out for ourselves. Individually we should and can make choice of quality instead of quantity. But that is not all. The middle class people must work for a better system of distribution of products. Is that system not already at hand in the cooperative societies, both of producers and consumers, which are united in the International Cooperative Alliance of which the Cooperative League of the United States of America is a part? The latter organization in 1930 numbered 140 local societies with an individual membership of 125,000 and an annual business of $18,000,000. The business of these cooperative societies is done by the members and for their own benefit. The profits remain in their own hands instead of going to swell the enormous incomes of a few great "overlords" of business.

A large proportion of the retail trade of some of the European countries is done through these cooperatives and much wholesale business also. There is no limit to the business enterprises which may be conducted by the intelligent middle class people through these societies for the profit of their own members. It certainly seems to be a way out of the depressions which occur so often under our present economic system. There are many flourishing examples in our own country already to point the way to any group who wish to help themselves.

Randolph, Vermont. A. H. COOLEY.

Liars, Damned Liars and the Press

To the Editor:

SIR—If I were to state what seems to be the worst product of the Eighteenth Amendment I would say it is the lying press of the country. You can scarcely find a newspaper or magazine today printed in the United States of which one can say with confidence, "There you will find the soul of veracity and fairness."

It is possible the press learned to lie without conscience during the war. Anyway, we, the people, learned very soon that we could put no reliance upon what we found in the papers. But the Eighteenth Amendment seems to have augmented the disease, crime or what you may call it.

Just take the OUTLOOK, read one page of it this week, "Our Progress Towards Sobriety." It's difficult to find a line on that page (except "Remarkable Remarks") in which you do not find the suggestion, "Now you will vote for repeal of the Amendment." I suppose ye editors know a page of quotations pro-Amendment could be printed—and in justice should be—that would suggest in every line, "Now you will stand by the plan to keep rum *forever* outlawed."

I deplore the fact that the American people in such large numbers have lost confidence in the integrity and fairness of our newspapers and journals. Liars—you prefer to call them propagandists I suppose—suffer their own undoing. Little attention is paid to a liar. A lying tongue or pen has little influence.

Lake Worth, Fla. C. W. GREENE.

[*Editor's Note*—We do not believe it possible to compile a page of reliable items relative to prohibition to refute "The Month's Progress Towards Sobriety" such as Mr. Greene suggests, but we should very much like to see him try it. The OUTLOOK hereby invites him to do so.]

Democracy in Action

To the Editor:

SIR—Your breezy little article on the rapid rise of Huey P. Long in Louisiana indicates your very slight acquaintance with Louisiana politics.

In Louisiana, as you, perhaps, ought not to know, the number of votes counted for a candidate need have little numerical relation to the number of votes cast for him.

In one parish (county) with a registration of less than two thousand voters, over three thousand votes were counted. One man was killed and quite a number of conscientious objectors to the good old-time-tried and fire-tested Louisiana methods of conducting elections were imprisoned for the day, in the interest of peace and harmony.

Roseland, La. KNOTT A. KNATIFFE.

Sex in Press and Fiction

To the Editor:

SIR—I am sure Mr. James W. Poling would not be so unduly alarmed over the "great mass of sex slush which is now being ground out" if he had given more than a superficial survey of the novels he mentions under the category of "jazz literature" in his entertaining article, "Virgins on the Shelf," in the OUTLOOK of January 27th.

Mr. Poling seems to have gained his impressions wholly from the titles and publishers' blurbs, which he doubtless knows are concocted by expert word-cocktail shakers whose output is similar to that of the movie publicity agents in exploiting catchy titles and amorous adventures of feature films.

Most of the novels he mentions are really in content perfectly innocuous and inodorous. Several of them, I know, were written by reporters of intelligence and wide experience, who display a decided literary charm in their work. Few are franker in their descriptive passages than the daily newspapers of good repute.

For example, in the report of a divorce suit on the front page of The New York *World-Telegram* on February 11 last, it is recorded that two friends of the divorce-seeking wife who peeked in through

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"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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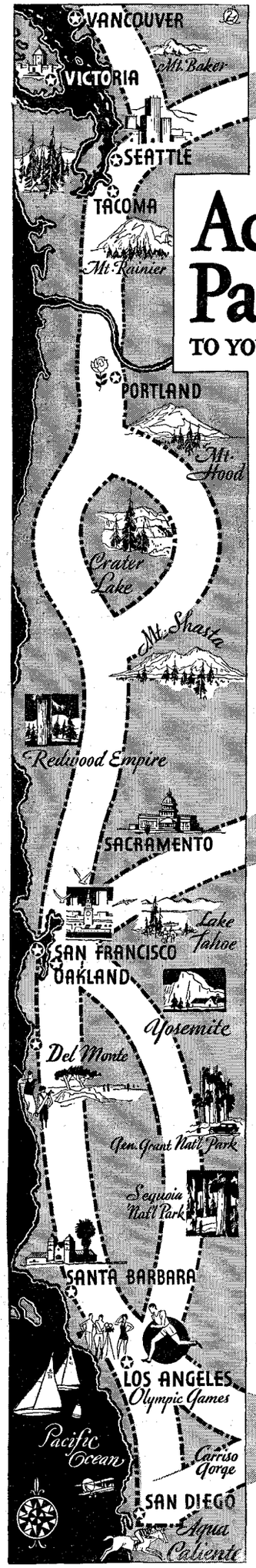

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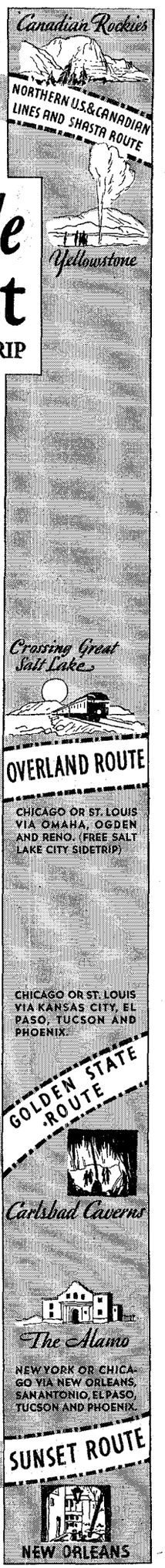
Canadian Rockies
NORTHERN U.S.&CANADIAN LINES AND SHASTA ROUTE
Yellowstone
Crossing Great Salt Lake
OVERLAND ROUTE
CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS VIA OMAHA, OGDEN AND RENO. (FREE SALT LAKE CITY SIDETRIP)
CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS VIA KANSAS CITY, EL PASO, TUCSON AND PHOENIX.
GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
Carlsbad Caverns
The Alamo
NEW YORK OR CHICAGO VIA NEW ORLEANS, SAN ANTONIO, EL PASO, TUCSON AND PHOENIX.
SUNSET ROUTE
NEW ORLEANS

the window of the husband's penthouse, testified that the husband "had company in his penthouse that night and that only one twin bed was in use."

In writing novels myself I endeavor to meet popular demand without stooping to the tawdry or the sensational. I was born and bred in a small, stiff-backed community in the Middle West. For some years I motored from New York City to my former home, using mostly the main transcontinental artery of motor traffic. The lure of this road, kaleidoscopic with all sorts and conditions of life, and the great change that had been wrought in Mid-West urban life due to the agency of the radio, talkies, airplanes, automobiles and transcontinental motor highways, combined to give me inspiration for my latest novel.

I named it *Middle West*. As the love theme had become paramount and my young heroine's virginity was maliciously questioned in a community typical of the illiberal, old-time Main Street, later it was renamed *Virginity*.

It is quite clear to me that Mr. Poling, in using the title of my novel, *Virginity*, and a portion of the jacket, to illustrate his contention concerning virgin-novels, must have done so unconsciously, without a thought to the text or quality of the book.

New York City. WILBUR FAWLEY.

Sex Equality

To the Editor:

SIR—By all means let us hear all sides of this question of equality of men and women. Lillian Lee's article, "Why Women Want to be Weaker," has a great deal of truth in it, but have the women really such a monopoly in honest responsibility, self-reliance and sportsmanship? It seems hardly reasonable. And is it only disgraceful for a man to be a parasite and not for a woman? The disgrace on either side, if there be any, depends entirely upon individual circumstances, and the satisfaction in either case is certainly questionable. And do "gold-digging wives" really "get the most from marriage"? We all know better than that, even Lillian Lee.

If so many men take this "spineless" attitude of living on their wives' salaries in carefree irresponsibility (and we doubt it), it isn't fifty-fifty, it is just that the balance has tipped the other way temporarily, due to an inadequate realization on both sides as to the problems involved. It is not failure of sex equality, but another phase of maladjustment. Things will not go backward. As time goes on there will be a steady increase in the number of those fifty-fifty couples whose faces register calm content in well balanced marital life together with eager interest in the affairs of the world in which they feel they have a vital part.

Richmond, Calif. (DR.) GERTRUDE WELLS.

Gandhi As a Leader

To the Editor:

SIR—Cheers for Mr. Stanley I. Stuber for his letter in the February 3rd issue of OUTLOOK. I, too, read Patricia Kendall's article on Gandhi, and was not a little displeased at her attitude, for all the while that she pretended to render an unbiased narrative about the man, she revealed at every turn the usual prejudices.

Where Miss Kendall got her facts I do not know, but having no facts of my own to offer in refutation, I cannot take issue with her on Gandhi's methods. But one fact remains above all else—that Gandhi is sincere. Gandhi is sincere in his fight for Indian independence as all great leaders and thinkers in the past have been sincere in adhering to a cause which has seemed to them just and right. Gandhi seeks no personal aggrandizement of wealth or power, nor fame nor martyrdom. The "martyrdom" idea is a product of press publicity, which is as foreign to the high ideals of Gandhi as are all the other attributes of a Western civilization.

Where is there a leader with the caliber of Gandhi today? Point to one man within the last five hundred years who has had the breadth of vision, the stoic character, the intelligence, faith and tolerance of this man who has been guided solely by his own inner light? Gandhi will suffer the destiny of all other great political leaders—the world will not appreciate him until after he is dead—and that is unfortunate. Ours is a stupid world, but let's not make it any worse by feeding it such inanities as Miss Kendall's article.

Chicago. LOUIS C. KARBINER.

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OUTLOOK

APRIL

The Trend of Events

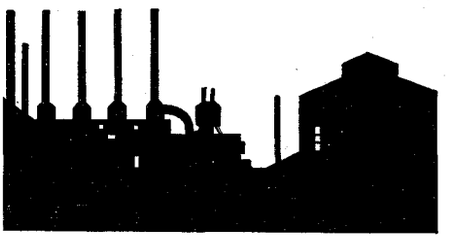
THE poet's contention that life is essentially tragic and, in the reiterations of Ecclesiastes, full of vanity, finds much support just now. Likewise President Eliot's prediction, that this century would ascertain so many facts that the woods would become indistinguishable because of the trees. Apparently the average American is a better bull than a bear—a fact long known to Wall Street. Wherefore the gloom of the country at large, in the face of diminishing incomes, red ink balance sheets, smaller salaries and unemployment, seems natural. Statements that Ford is about to start up again, that bank failures have come to an end, that bonds are beginning to climb, that England is starting to pull out, fall on more or less unheeding ears. Business, as a glance at most corporation reports for 1931 shows, is in the Valley of the Shadow. America does well to be sober.

Yet the Rotary Clubs have not all become monasteries. Communists are feebler than ever round about the world. And most people in this country obviously wait merely for another chance at Capitalism's roulette wheel, convinced that the upswing will finally come. Croakers and intelligentsia to the contrary, our civilization is not going to totter. Inflation comes long before revolution. And so far, America has not even become convinced of the necessity for a measure of that.

Congress at Work

DURING the past month even Congress has measured up fairly well. Confronted by an emergency, Congress gave first concern to emergency measures. It created the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and enacted the Glass-Steagall credit bill, thereby meeting the demand which any group of stockholders would have made to directors, "Do something to prevent bankruptcy." That done, Congress turned, as directors would have turned, to the next demand: "Provide sufficient revenues to meet the running expenses of the forthcoming year." Congress is now attempting to do this, for the year ending June 30, 1932, by adding a billion dollars to the government's income. But the 1933 budget will not be balanced in theory by this program, for it does not provide funds for the scheduled retirement of the national debt; the budget may not be balanced in fact either, for Congress is compelled, lest it offend our foreign debtors, to pretend that they are going to meet interest payments amounting to nearly $300,000,000. In the large, however, Congress has faced budget-balancing with considerable realism. Disagreements have arisen not over the objective but over the means of gaining it. In this phase our politicians have proved to be poor business men. Otherwise they would have jumped at the chance of getting $500,000,000 from a beer tax; likewise, they would have passed the sales tax without wasting time with talk of excessive income taxes.

But no board of directors would stop there. Instead, they would turn eagerly toward genuine economy. That is what Washington will do once the long view prevails. If our Federal government was on a reasonable basis in 1915 when it spent $700,000,000, it is on a highly unreasonable basis today with expenditures of $4,100,000,000. The country has grown, but not in that proportion. For instance, in 1915 our exports amounted to about $2,700,000,000 and our imports to about $1,600,000,000, whereas in 1932 they were about $2,300,000,000 and $2,000,000,000 respectively. Since 1915 our national income has increased from forty to sixty billion dollars a year—an increase of 50 per cent compared to an increase of 500 per cent in the cost of our Federal government. Meanwhile the cost of local and state governments has jumped from two to ten billion dollars, so that today practically one out of every four dollars of national income goes to government of one sort or another. The charge is obviously too heavy for business to bear. Nevertheless proposals for economy in Washington run head-on into the theory that there is no room for economy. We are told that the bulk of the expenditures go to servicing the national debt, providing Veterans' relief and maintaining the army and navy, and that these charges cannot be reduced. It is true, of course, that they take $2,900,000,000 a year. Yet it is also true that the other departments take $1,200,000,000 a year—that is six times as much as it took to run them in 1915. In other words, the cost of miscellaneous government activities in Washington has increased faster in the last seventeen years than has the combined cost of the army and navy, Veterans' relief and the war itself. This is indisputable evidence that there actually is room for economy in Washington.



German Elections

ONCE our depression-obsessed world recovers its equilibrium it may decide that the unnoticed aspect of the German elec-

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tion was, after all, the most significant recent event. So far all attention has been turned, first, to the 18,000,000 votes given President Hindenburg—assurance enough of his reëlection in the April run-off—and, secondly, to the 11,000,000 votes given Adolf Hitler—evidence enough of the remarkable growth of his Fascist party which in 1930 polled less than 7,000,000 votes. Important as are these aspects, it is strange that our commentators have left the Communists out of the picture.

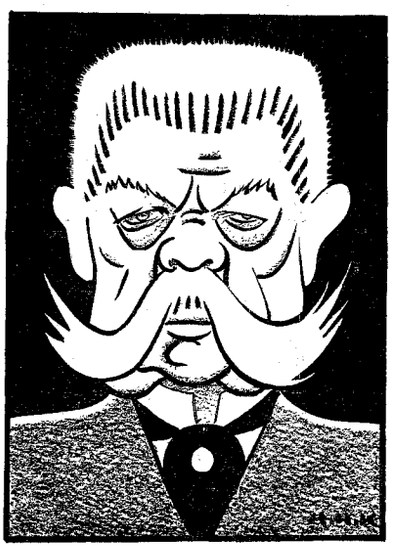
Communism has sought, since overriding Russia, to spread through Germany to the rest of the Western world. To turn Germany into a Communist state was the first move in Moscow's game. The 1920 depression gave great impetus to German Communism; it gained a fair-sized representation in the Reichstag and by 1925 its popular vote totalled 2,000,000; by 1930, 4,600,000. It was this 1925-1930 growth of the Communists, paralleled by that of Hitler's Fascists, that gave birth to the generally accepted belief that Germany's moderate parties were being crushed to death between the Communists on the extreme Left and the Fascists on the extreme Right. The recent elections give the first valid reason for abandoning this belief. The Communism ticket, polling 4,600,000, or 13 per cent of the votes in 1930, polls but 4,900,000, or 13 per cent of the votes in 1932. Thus in Germany's hardest years of the depression Communism has stood still—stood still while the unemployed were increasing by millions.

For Germany alone the halting of the Communist growth implies a change in the political picture; the middle-of-the-road parties led by Hindenburg are engaged, not in a battle with a growing Communism on the Left and a growing Fascism on the Right, but in one great and continuing effort to prevent the establishment of a Fascist dictatorship. For the capitalistic world as a whole the halting of Communism in Germany has but one inference: Moscow's game is up. Communism, unable to take root in the sterile soil of Italy, France, Great Britain, the United States and so on, has now proved unable, even under the most auspicious circumstances, to blossom in fertile Germany.

▸▸*Japan, a Realistic View*

Despite our interests in China, Open Door and all, the Sino-Japanese dispute remains for most of us inextricably tied up with the argument over the League of Nations and its value as an instrumentality for peace. This has been accentuated by the fact that the lull that obtained in the Shanghai hostilities during most of March made it clear that the eventual outcome of the quarrel is likely to hinge on the simple question: Is or is not China a *backward* nation? As Professor Hocking of Harvard has pointed out, the current Western definition of a backward nation—as expressed in the very practical form of the League of Nations mandates—appears to have nothing to do with culture. It means, merely, a nation which is not able to make the "best" use of its material resources.

In essence this is the ground upon which Japan bases her case. Can she eventually win her contention that China



HINDENBURG

is actually a backward state, that war has not existed between herself and the war lords, and that the whole question therefore is one that requires no notice from the League or the Western powers? Since China is already a member of the League, it seems improbable. Even if Japan should convince a reluctant world that the Chinese government is unworthy of the name, it is unlikely that she will be able to hold all the spoils she has taken. She was not allowed to do so after the war with Russia. In 1919 she was not allowed to keep Shantung. At Shanghai therefore she will probably gain nothing. The West, in or out of the League, will not allow Japan to dominate all of China. In Manchuria, however, the story is obviously a different one. No commission from Geneva, arriving to take testimony five months after the event, is liable to tell us anything we do not already know. In fact, Japan will place a higher value on holding Manchuria than on her membership in the League—if necessary, she will give up the latter in order to retain the former. Where Manchuria is concerned the League's gesture will probably remain a gesture and nothing more. Without the United States, without Russia, the League is like a champion baseball team minus catcher and pitcher. Pennant winning is an impossibility.

So far as the liberal is concerned, the only actual gain that can be discerned is that the League is today blamed, first, for not having prevented hostilities between Japan and China, and, second, for not enforcing peace at the first moment; whereas in 1905 the entire civilized world applauded Theodore Roosevelt for merely suggesting a peace conference. Obviously here is an advance in world sentiment over a period of twenty-five years. To the cynical mind, nevertheless, the thought comes that the scrap-of-paper value of treaties not backed by force has been demonstrated at the expense of Chinamen and not Americans. The Japanese victory at Shanghai, long deferred though it was, disposed of the belief that we would become entangled in future hostilities. Luck rather than good management saved us. Since the same conclusion applies to parts of the world other than China, it is obvious that the public's lack of interest in the disarmament parley at Geneva has sprung not from indifference but from a correct appraisal of the exact state in which the world finds itself. Humanity's ideals are still measurably in advance of its practices. Thanks to Japan's reminder, disarmament is not yet practical business.

▸▸*Barriers to Trade*

The press has called attention to French proposals to place a bar on importation of American typewriters and to the revival of certain American proposals to place a ban on importation of anything made in Russia. The inference is that such manœuvres are exceptional. The truth is that they are part and parcel of a system rapidly developed since 1914. It is a system wherein each nation is bent, consciously or not, on using its political machinery to divert trade into unusual and illusive channels. Our national tariffs are one phase of this. Embargoes are also employed to control the flow of trade, immigration and emigration laws to control the flow of labor, and instruments of one sort or another to control the flow of capital. Each national government has, in fact, become an economic machine.

The amazing thing about it all is that no country, save Russia, has any economic plan for its machine; not one even allows the machine's operation to be determined by the bare economic needs of

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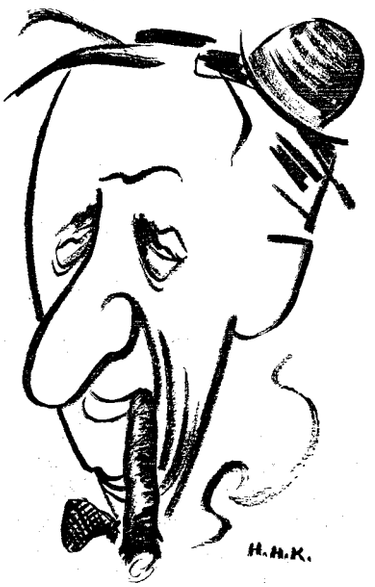
the nation as a whole. Instead the operations of tariffs, embargoes and laws restricting the flow of labor and capital are carried on without a semblance of planning, their operations subject to the greeds and fears of special interests, classes and groups. That sort of thing had just as large a part in the writing of our Hawley-Smoot tariff as in the proposing of an American embargo on Russian goods. What is true here is true abroad. The result is that we have a dog-bite-dog society not only between industries within a nation but between the nations themselves.

Even when government action is necessary on economic problems of world scope, we find the needs of industry as a whole playing second fiddle to political ambition. Within the month, for instance, the American branch of the International Chamber of Commerce has turned to the problem of lowering tariffs. Its report showed that the international organization has been supporting lower tariffs since 1927. Yet in those five years the world has piled one tariff on top of another. Likewise, a resolute disregard of economics has determined all governmental action taken on reparations and war debts, so that no sane man can be hopeful of the reparations conference this June. Similarly, France stepped in last year to prevent Germany and Austria from creating what, in economics, seemed to be a quite reasonable customs union. Yet right now France is proposing another form of customs union for five Danubian countries—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary and Yugoslavia. But Germany, whose trade is linked with these countries, is left out of the French scheme, and so is Bulgaria, though half of her soil is drained by the Danube.

As for the future, the choice would seem to lie between economic nationalism and economic internationalism. If the trend continues toward the former—as it has during the post-war period—our capitalistic nations may quite easily develop into self-centered units, with the state planning and controlling every phase of life from the farm to the bank. On the other hand, the trend may turn toward economic internationalism, with capitalistic super-trusts breaking down the boundaries between nations somewhat as in this country they have broken down those between the states. The far-flung activities of some of our banks, the branch factories set up abroad by Henry Ford and General Motors, the international match trust developed by the late Ivar Kreuger—they may all be harbingers of the world tomorrow. Sick and tired of having political boundaries turned into economic barriers, Capitalism may thrust an international society upon us.

▶▶*High Tide?*

WHERE our own affairs are concerned, no one can be blind to the fact that centralization of government has been the one theme of our history since the Civil War. For instance, of the seven constitutional amendments adopted since 1860, five either restricted the powers of the states or enlarged the powers of the Federal government. Seven decades of this—half our constitutional history—naturally produced a nation wherein to speak of states' rights was to incur the



SMITH

contempt reserved for old fogies. The question of the hour arises from indications that the centralization movement may have reached high tide.

With prohibition demonstrating the impracticability of running everything from Washington, the wet movement has devolved into an attempt to return prohibition to the states themselves. The depression is working in the same direction; it has produced serious declines in Federal revenues and the accumulation of huge deficits which have in turn led many people to doubt that the United States can afford a $4,000,000,000 government at Washington. To have such a government is to have taxes which, as they become more and more burdensome, make the Federal government more and more unpopular. To lighten the taxes it becomes necessary to limit the activities of the Federal government, to hand responsibilities back to the states. This is decentralization. It is manifest in manœuvres in Washington to abolish certain Federal departments, as well as in the failure of Washington to take over unemployment relief. The attempt to have each state take care of its own jobless has developed a form of state pride which may go marching on. Of course decentralization may come to nought once the depression is over and national prohibition has been returned to the states. The interesting fact today, however, is that the two together are starting an undercurrent toward decentralization just as the secession of the states started forces in the other direction.

▶▶*In Sight of the End*

MEANWHILE it is clear that the anti-prohibition movement has grown enormously since business went into a tail-spin in the fall of 1929. Just how much not even the most astute observers had realized. It took the latest *Literary Digest* poll to open their eyes. That the country would go overwhelmingly wet in a national referendum there can now be no doubt. With approximately three million *Digest* ballots counted in this national poll on the clean-cut issue of repeal or continuance of the Eighteenth Amendment, the wets are leading by about three to one. The figures leave nothing more to be said.

Less impressive, yet significant, was the vote the wets of the House of Representatives rolled up on the proposal that the House take a rollcall on submitting the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment to the states. Congress has seen nothing like it since the birth of the dry decade. With but nineteen members failing to vote, the results stood: Against, 227; for, 187. That is to say, if twenty-one drys had changed their minds the resolution would have carried, and the House would have been obliged to take a direct vote on revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. To be sure, Dr. Clarence True Wilson declares that "about twenty dependable drys" joined the wet ranks in this instance. If no more than twenty joined them, there are 167 wets in the House, elected in 1930, which suggests that there may be twice as many in the next House, to be elected, partly on the prohibition issue, in November, 1932.

The link being formed in the public mind between prohibition and the depression is proving the greatest asset the wets have ever had. Deprived of the prosperity for which they forgot prohibition and plumped for Hoover in 1928, the voters are now ready to give their resentment against the dry laws full expression. And, already strong, their feeling becomes stronger when they reflect that, were it not for prohibition, they would not be obliged to shoulder the staggering sales or income taxes now confronting them.

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▸▸*Probable Winner*

IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, Franklin D. Roosevelt seems to have the stoppers stopped. If the stop-Roosevelt movement has made any headway during the past several weeks, there has been no outward sign of it. The signs, in fact, all point the other way. Thus on a single day, March 20, the National Popular Government League rates the Governor as the public's strongest ally against the "power trust," yet President Woodin of the American Car and Foundry Company declares that big business has "absolutely nothing" to fear from Roosevelt.

Early presidential primaries gave Mr. Roosevelt just what he needed—an opportunity to place his name before the people and demonstrate his great political strength. The results speak for themselves. Against Smith in the New Hampshire primary Roosevelt won every one of the state's eight delegates. In preferential primaries he then took North Dakota away from Alfalfa Bill Murray and won Georgia ten to one from Judge Howard, proxy candidate for John Garner. Politicians are therefore asking how Roosevelt can possibly be stopped, if he could not be stopped by Smith in New Hampshire or by Murray in North Dakota. The answer, it would seem, is that he cannot be. Mr. Roosevelt, despite the entry of Smith, is still the logical Democratic candidate. If he shows half the strength his supporters predict in the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts primaries of April 26, his nomination will be not only probable but almost inevitable.

Certainly there is nothing to show that he has been injured by the Seabury investigation into the Tammany-controlled government of New York City. Thus far that investigation has quite failed to grip the public mind. It has also failed to create a break between Roosevelt and Tammany Hall, as its Republican sponsors expected it to do. No break materialized even when Governor Roosevelt, acting on charges brought by Mr. Seabury, removed Sheriff Farley of New York County, a prominent Tammany leader, for failing to give a satisfactory explanation of bank deposits far exceeding his income. Appointing a successor to Farley acceptable to Tammany, Mr. Roosevelt kept his relations with the Hall unimpaired.

The Farley case did not weaken Governor Roosevelt. If anything, it weakened the Seabury committee itself. Certainly it was a defeat for the committee when Sheriff Farley, removed by the Governor, was later acquitted in the courts of unlawfully appropriating interest on funds in his care. The sufferer was also the committee rather than the Governor when Mr. Seabury travelled to Cincinnati to warn the country that Tammany is reaching out for national power. Mr. Seabury's speech did not frighten the country away from Roosevelt. It did, however, create widespread suspicion that Mr. Seabury is using his inquiry for political purposes, as a stepping stone to high office.

▸▸*If He Wins*

THAT Mr. Roosevelt would bring experience, information and intelligence to the Presidency not even his opponents deny. Primarily, however, he would bring to it a liberal outlook and a progressive spirit—qualities of which it has seen little in the past twelve years. Within reasonable limits, Roosevelt would be willing to experiment—notably with a substitute for national prohibition, which, he believes, should now be abandoned, with the control of liquor sales returned to the states. He would also bring to the Presidency an unforced and refreshing sympathy with the average man. The Hoover administration has lately been much concerned with emergency economic relief from the top down. A Roosevelt administration, as is shown by the Governor's efforts in behalf of the unemployed in New York State, would be equally concerned with relief from the bottom up. Furthermore, while Mr. Roosevelt opposes American adherence to the League of Nations, he has demonstrated ability to see past the boundaries of his own country. Not long ago he advocated an international conference for the reciprocal reduction of tariffs.

ROOSEVELT

The one effective charge that has been brought against Mr. Roosevelt is that he has shown himself, and in the Presidency would continue to show himself, rather too slick and shrewd a politician. It is held that he is altogether too willing to take the popular, rather than the bold, course on public questions, even when this involves a good deal of fence-walking and evasion. In all this, it seems to us, there is plainly some justice, though certainly not enough to keep any one from voting for Mr. Roosevelt in preference to Mr. Hoover, if the choice comes down to these two. In boldness of political leadership, Mr. Roosevelt is certainly no Cleveland or Wilson. But, to go to the other extreme, neither is he a Harding. In these days when dodging is a fine political art, paying huge profits at the polls, Roosevelt probably is as bold a candidate as the country is going to get. The man in the street need never expect him to endanger his political skin by advocating unpopular causes. But he can nevertheless be sure that his President is a man of honor who will not countenance double-dealing, will not go back on his word and will not seek political preferment under false pretenses.

▸▸*In Brief*

THERE is no truth in the report that the Legislature of New Jersey will adopt a resolution of condemnation against the outbreak of lawlessness in Hawaii . . . . Slogan for that steamship company which is offering ocean travel on the installment plan: "Down to the sea in easy monthly payments . . . ." "Swanson Reviews Arms Parley Work"—newspaper headline. Presumably by way of a joke . . . . Incidentally, it must be a bit difficult for the delegates to know when the Arms Conference is not in session . . . . The political mind in action, as pictured in a news dispatch from Washington to the New York *Times:* "Mr. Hilles [Republican National Committeeman Charles D. Hilles of New York] stating that his views were well known, said he was hopeful that the convention would write a plank which would satisfy the conservatives on both sides of the liquor question . . . ." Second exhibit, as pictured in the plank on prohibition adopted by the Republican state convention in Minnesota: "We believe that any change of policy with reference to prohibition should be in conformity with constitutional provisions and practices and not by indirection or evasion . . . ." At any rate, Henry Pu Yi of Japanchuria now knows what it would mean to be King of Italy.

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▸▸ Noble in Motive ◂◂

The Month's Progress Toward Sobriety

SOUTH BEND, IND.—Federal Judge Thomas Slick rules that prohibition agents as such are not competent to testify by taste alone as to whether beer is intoxicating.

LOS ANGELES—Special permission of the court enables a plaintiff to brace himself with a drink of whiskey on the witness stand.

JACKSON, MISS.—The Mississippi supreme court rules that suspicious actions offer sufficient grounds for an arrest on a charge of drunkenness.

PHILADELPHIA—The United States Circuit Court of Appeals learns that prohibition agents have been using lodge membership cards bearing fictitious names to enter lodge rooms in Pittsburgh, Altoona, Johnstown and New Kensington.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.—The former sheriff of Richmond County, now secretary to the Borough President, is arraigned in Federal Court on a charge of possession and sale of liquor.

CLEVELAND—Eight steel-jacketed bullets kill Charles Gentile, the fourth victim of a two-day gang warfare.

DENVER—A new traffic code provides for the padlocking of an automobile if the driver is drunk.

THOMASVILLE, N. C.—Forty students walk out of Thomasville High School in protest against the school board's request for the resignation of their athletic director. He was arrested after officers charged that he was drunk and had whiskey in the car in which he and three High Point teachers were returning from a bridge game.

WASHINGTON—The Census Bureau is excluding persons engaged in bootlegging and bartending from its occupation reports.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Since the depression drinking among Harvard students has, to believe the University's hygiene professor, reached its lowest level in 100 years.

KENOSHA, WIS.—The villagers here have been frightened out of their wits by a drunken man who stole an airplane and stunted over the housetops.

NEW YORK—Twenty-six Brooklyn and Queens County physicians are fined for violating the terms of their liquor permits.

PALO ALTO, CALIF.—President Hoover's fellow townsmen here are voting 8 to 5 for repeal, according to *The Literary Digest* poll.

ATLANTIC CITY—Prohibition Chief Young raids two hotels, rips out fixtures and furnishings valued at several thousand dollars and declares that Atlantic City is "going dry and will like it."

PHILADELPHIA—United States Commissioner Patterson hears charges that federal prohibition agents have been ordered to bring in a minimum of four cases each month.

LIMA, PA.—Mrs. Lydia Ann Baker announces on eve of her 102nd birthday that she opposes prohibition and favors the revival of the whipping post and the reëlection of President Hoover.

MEDIA, PA.—Three boys are suspended from high school because of drinking.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—John Brooks, tax collector here for eight years, admits that he had invested $3,200 of city funds in a bootlegging coup.

SMITHFIELD, N. C.—Francis Scott McBride, Anti-Saloon League superintendent, speaks against Smith, Roosevelt and Raskob. The meeting was held in the Methodist Church.

DES MOINES, IOWA—Three Drake University athletes are denied permission to reënroll at the university because of drinking.

CHICAGO—The president of the South Side's law-and-order league, a 65-year-old dry leader, is convicted of assaulting to kill. He testified that when he shot a seventeen-year-old boy he "must have been drunk."

BAY SHORE, L. I.—Five Coast Guardsmen are convicted in connection with whiskey smuggling.

FLINT, MICH.—Flint's mayor and police chief are indicted on federal prohibition charges.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A federal judge issues restraining orders applying the prohibition padlock to hip pockets.

WASHINGTON—Henry H. Curran reveals that the third verse of *O Columbia the Gem of the Ocean* has been changed to begin "'Old Glory' to greet now come higher." Before the heyday of the Anti-Saloon League it began "The wine cup, the wine cup bring higher."

TAMPA, FLA.—A bootlegger is arrested after attempting to sell four quarts of Bacardi rum to a federal judge.

NEW YORK—Stanley High, the dry leader, declares that opposition to the 18th Amendment is no more than a fad.

WOODS HOLE, MASS.—The Coast Guard cutter CG-813, using machine guns, defeats the Boston speedboat Kebble, using gas attacks, off Warren Point, Rhode Island.

ATLANTIC CITY—Bishop Richardson of Philadelphia tells the annual conference of the Methodist Church how he had rebuked a Methodist teacher who had announced that the Church had no right to dictate to him on prohibition.

Remarkable Remarks

This country . . . . is 130,000,000 people making their homes, running their farms and businesses, solving their problems, refusing to be downhearted, laughing their way forward.—BRUCE BARTON.

In spite of the drastic deflation of security prices, the New York Stock Exchange has maintained a market for securities which has allowed the holders of stocks to sell and realize cash for their property.—RICHARD WHITNEY.

The practice of swindling is very old.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

I spent some money but that didn't prove that I have any income. What I have might have been given to me by admiring friends.—AL CAPONE.

The country couldn't run without it [prohibition]. That is the industrial fact.—HENRY FORD.

The Japanese army hopes its sacrificial efforts to save the International Settlement from gun fire are appreciated by all.—GENERAL YOSHINORI SHIRAKAWA.

The newspapers all over the land have done me an injustice. They have pilloried and excoriated me in my fight for justice and a fair deal. But nothing will prevent us from going on.—REP. WILLIAM I. SIROVICH.

Al [Smith] and I are very good friends.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Good [bridge] players would rather die than convey illicit information.—WALDEMAR VON ZEDTWITZ.

Stars find that they can have both babies and careers simultaneously; their public is sticking. When fans approve of an actress they imitate her, so watch the country's birth rate from now on. It's going up.—BILLIE DOVE.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, we note, again hopes to work both sides of the street on the prohibition issue.

Despite the clamor of half the Republican party that he become wet, or at least moist, he is represented by influential newspapers and press associations as being "unmoved" by evidence that the nation and the G. O. P. are turning against the white-ribboners. Since we happen to know that the correspondents who reported him as unchanging did so after private interviews with his Excellency, it may be accepted as gospel that, to the press, Mr. Hoover is posing as a dry. To some of the professional prohibitionists who have recently conferred with him he has also given the impression that they are his beloved, and that his characterization of Volsteadism as an "experiment noble in motive" still stands. In short, Mr. Hoover still leans—or falls—toward the dry side.

His friends and Cabinet members, however, picture him as liberal and open-minded, harking back to the whispered arguments that kept wets in line for him in 1928. Walter F. Brown, Postmaster General and the President's political manager, declares publicly that Mr. Hoover will campaign on a wet plank if the party chooses to adopt one. Henry L. Stimson has promised, in response to a challenge from Representative Fiorello H. La Guardia, to support New York Republicans in their demand for a wet plank. Secretary Robert P. Lamont, erstwhile member of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, favors a reorientation of the party's policy, as do Ogden L. Mills, Secretary of the Treasury, and Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy. The latter, though a teetotaler, is bitter against the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and would prefer to lose on an honest declaration against them than to win through pussyfooting. At the moment, however, it appears that Mr. Hoover's stand will grieve these Cabineteers, not to mention a score of national committeemen and local bosses who realize that their State tickets are doomed unless Mr. Hoover sees the light.

The President, as we mentioned before, has no deep convictions on the subject of prohibition. He once said that if he had possessed a czar's power when the amendment was before Congress he would have prevented its passage. He does not believe that morals can be legislated into a people, and, though not a sufficiently lusty person to enjoy a drink, he sees no harm in one. He once wrote to Senator Morris Sheppard, author of the Volstead Act, that he opposed a ban on beer even in war-time because "it takes a lot of beer to make a man drunk," whereas the absence of this beverage would lead to greater consumption of hard liquors. It was only when Mr. Hoover became a candidate for the presidency, and in a year when the drys and remnant of the Klan seemed to possess tremendous political strength, that he let himself slide over toward the corner where the white-ribboners stand and pray and threaten. Strangely enough, he would have defeated Al Smith whether he ran as a dry or a wet, but the political tremors from which he still suffers drove him into the camp of the fanatics. And there, unless his party musters more courage than he does, will he stand.

In view of the important part which this issue may play at the conventions and thereafter, it may be worth while to examine the President's record on prohibition. A fairly brief résumé will prepare the citizenry for the sidestepping sure to be shown between now and November, and, mayhap, serve to warn those Republicans more interested in the honest settlement of a great issue than in assuring the election of a Republican President. In that category we place such prominent G. O. P. members as Louis K. Liggett, Massachusetts National Committeeman who has just refused to stand for reëlection to that post; ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York; Mrs. Charles H. Sabin of New York, who heads the women's division of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment; W. W. Atterbury, former National Committeeman for Pennsylvania; and a host of other equally influential Republicans, whose support Mr. Hoover cannot afford to lose.

Mr. Hoover's prohibition record in the days before he sought the presidential nomination, like his activities in the fields of business and mining and promoting, lies behind a curtain. He had, however, lived in Continental countries, and passed the existence of a cosmopolite. He had spent his days among peoples where self-control proved a far wiser system than legislative prohibition, and he once admitted that never, even in the roughest and toughest corners of the earth, had he had any labor troubles because of liquor. He appeared, in short, a reasonable fellow with respect to a question too often approached from the standpoint of fanatical prejudice.

His first and most important pronouncement, in so far as the Capital can remember, was in reply to Senator William Edgar Borah's questionnaire. Mr. Hoover was then a Candidate, and for weeks he and his advisers, including William J. Donovan, a wet from New York, devoted days to framing an answer which would please all political and prohibition factions. Their lucubrations brought forth that masterpiece of equivocation to the effect that prohibition was an "experiment noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose," which, of course, committed Candidate Hoover to exactly nothing. Professional prohibitionists were completely satisfied with such a description, while Republican wets accepted it as evidence of an open, honest, engineering mind. Politicians and press men, however, soon transformed the equivocal expression into "the noble experiment" and nine out of ten drys prefer to accept that version, whereas the wets remember that there were at least three qualifications in those eight words.

In his acceptance address Candidate Hoover gave his most fulsome praise to prohibition, recounting its economic gains in the form of electric lights, refrigerators, trains, etc. As against its inroads on the national character, he seemed to believe that purely materialistic changes due to the invention and industry of the American people more than compensated for prohibition's ravages. To keep the scales even, however, the Candidate pledged himself to a clear-eyed investigation of the whole problem, presumably with a view to taking a definite stand for the future.

How that pledge was used, politically, is of recent memory. In the wet Northeast Republican spellbinders promised that the investigation would show up the shortcomings of prohibition, and undoubtedly lead to revision or repeal. The President, his friends said, was attacking the problem with the technique of the Great Engineer; he was first going to find the facts and then act without regard to the effect upon his personal,

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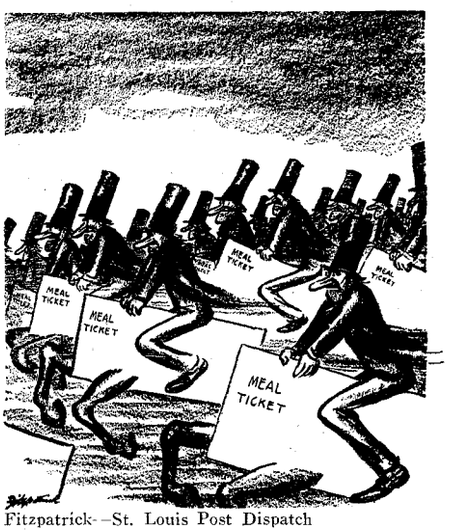
political fortunes. But below the Mason and Dixon line the Cannons and Willebrandts and Manns represented him as desirous of discovering ways and means to strengthen the enforcement act, and make prohibition really prohibitive.

THERE was an illuminating interlude, however, soon after the famous promise of an investigation. The Candidate's acceptance address had leaned a little too heavily on the side of the drys, and telephones and telegraph wires to Mr. Hoover's home at Palo Alto sang with angry protests from his wet and eastern campaign managers. Thereupon Mr. Donovan, who had helped to write the reply to Borah, who had revised the acceptance address, who had devised the idea of an investigation as a political sop, swung into action. One evening he escorted Edwin McIntosh of the New York *Herald Tribune* and Philip Kinsley of the Chicago *Tribune*—both wet G. O. P. organs—to the library of Leland Stanford University, where there has been collected a chamber of Hooveriana. Among Mr. Hoover's souvenirs Mr. Donovan dug out the letter to Senator Sheppard which we have mentioned above, and cited it as definite evidence that the Candidate was not a Dry. Mr. Hoover, as usual, said nothing, leaving his cause and his convictions in the hands of his friends.

In his inaugural address President Hoover recognized the right of people to work for repeal, but kept away from more dangerous aspects of the subject. When the time came to appropriate funds for his promised inquiry, his spokesmen in House and Senate sought to sidetrack any sort of investigation for fear it might prove embarrassing. It was only when the disgusted Carter Glass of Virginia assailed the Hooverites as "contumacious gentlemen" that the President's champions backed down, and had to be content with a provision broadening the inquiry so that it would submerge the prohibition issue by looking into the question of all law enforcement. When the issue could no longer be dodged, President Hoover named as chairman the Honorable George W. Wickersham, whose pre-dating of a report in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy and other labors on behalf of the G. O. P. had demonstrated that he could be trusted to do the right thing by a Republican President in a hole.

It is sufficient to say of the Wickersham investigation that the term "Wickershamite" is now common slang for an evasive and equivocal person. Even Mr. Hoover would like to forget that incident in his engineering career. It is true that a majority of the commission proposed either revision or repeal, including members in sympathy with the dry cause. But Mr. Hoover framed a dry and dishonest conclusion on the basis of their wet recommendations, and in the train of his report sent to Capitol Hill such legal abominations in the form of legislative suggestions that even a Republican and dry majority declined to accept them. It is no exaggeration to suggest that the commissioners and the President were national and international laughing stocks at that particular moment.

Again G. O. P. wets were enraged, and the angry snorts on the editorial pages of the two *Tribunes* affrighted the



Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post Dispatch

President and his advisers. So the old Donovan game of working both sides of the street was resumed. Walter F. Newton, the President's political secretary, summoned correspondents for those newspapers into his office, and explained that Mr. Hoover's rewriting of the commission's anti-prohibition recommendations could not, by any stretch of imagination, he interpreted as meaning that the Chief Executive was a Dry. It simply showed, said Mr. Newton, that the President favored a longer trial of the "experiment."

In view of all this, Senator Glass's bet still stands uncollected. The Senator from Virginia has offered to pay $5, I believe it is, to any one who can produce for him a statement by Mr. Hoover in which the latter has taken a definite and determined stand with respect to prohibition's merits or demerits.

This brings us to the present moment, with Mr. Hoover still keeping silent in so far as any public utterance is concerned. We happen to know, as we mentioned before, that he is utilizing unattributed interviews with certain correspondents to represent himself as a dry. Meanwhile the Cabinet members we have listed are passing out word that the platform will most likely be wet, and that the only difficulty is to find a "formula" which will hold the antis without offending the prohis. To our mind, the "formula" has already been found, in the light of the deliberate discrepancies between emanations from the White House and explanations from Mr. Hoover's friends and advisers. If possible, this great issue will again be handled with a mind interested only in a partisan and personal triumph, and not with any idea of meeting it squarely and honestly.

This is not to say that Mr. Hoover is not shaking in his boots. He is. Indeed, these same friends are whispering that he would advocate real beer and light wines if he did not fear it would be construed simply as political strategy on the eve of an election. Whatever convictions the President has on prohibition, the record reveals, are purely political and opportunistic.

That he does not recognize the change in sentiment as revealed in the House poll on the Beck-Linthicum resolution is due entirely to his congenital inability to act quickly or decisively. For the total of 187 votes in favor of submission surprised Mr. Hoover as it did everybody else. We happen to know that about forty personal wets would have supported the move if they had dreamed that it would muster such strength, and this indicates that the next House will have enough votes to pass a measure liberalizing the Volstead Act. We would not be surprised if more than a score of members who voted dry had sounded their political knell, and we look to see them replaced by revisionists or repealers. The Senate, of course, will not shift so speedily, but a few more demonstrations like that in the lower chamber will budge the state-wide representatives.

AS AN example of Congressional cowardice on this issue, there is the case of a certain member from a large Eastern state who was erroneously reported in the newspapers as having signed the petition to discharge the Judiciary Committee from consideration of the Beck-Linthicum resolution. He was furious when he saw his name listed among the wets, but by nightfall he had received several hundred telegrams of congratulation—and he signed in earnest early the next morning. Others dared not sign because they are not quite certain of the trend in their districts, because their chief

(Continued on Page 225)

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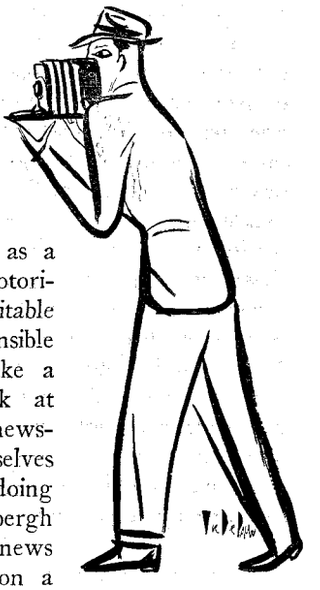
Lindbergh and the Press

By SILAS BENT



AMERICAN newspapers had a case precisely to their trade needs in the kidnaping of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr. It was so exactly what they wanted that they outdid themselves and one another in verbosity and vulgarity. All the legitimate news could have been told adequately in three-quarters of a column of space; instead, day after day, pages were devoted to it, and some newspapers made it a practice for a time to give it all of page one, which is the show window of the daily press.

The staid Associated Press sent out ten thousand words of this story daily. The International News Service, a Hearst organization, sent out fifty thousand words the day the story "broke" and thirty thousand the next day. Not only New York papers were flooded with balderdash. Newspapers all over this country were similarly afflicted.

Permit me to say a good word at last for a tabloid picture paper. Bernarr Macfadden's *Graphic*, known contemptuously among newspaper men as the *Pornographic*, offered, on March 5, to withdraw its entire news and camera staff from Hopewell, the village nearest the Lindbergh country home, whence the boy was abducted the evening of March 1. Already it was apparent that the newspapers were doing far more harm than good, and the tabloid's statement was calculated to shame its respected *big* brothers. The Brooklyn *Daily Times* and the Philadelphia *Record* did indeed creditably follow suit with similar offers.

Then, not content with this step of self-abnegation, the *Graphic* proposed that Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey remove the police from Hopewell, and that newspapers agree among themselves to quit discussing it for a period to be determined. The suggestion was made with the clear intention of ridding Colonel Lindbergh's vicinity of men and women who might hinder the return of the baby secretly and securely. On the following day the paper did actually withdraw all its reporters and photographers twelve miles from the scene. This excellent example, however, being ignored by its less scrupulous contemporaries, the men and women were returned to Hopewell on Wednesday.

Now, there is no denying that the kidnaping of the Lindbergh boy was what newspaper men call "a whale of a story." Twenty months earlier, when he was born, more newspaper space was given to the event than had been given by newspapers anywhere to the birth of a royal heir. The youthful Lindbergh was called, quite rightly, the best-known baby in the world. Surely no heart, however callous, but must have been deeply moved at the anxiety and suspense of the young parents and at the plight of the infant boy, taken while ill from his crib wearing only his night-clothes. By newspaper men this is known as "human interest"; added to it were the priceless elements—from the newspaper standpoint—of mystery and suspense.

A big story, this, meriting conspicuous display, but not deserving the asinine treatment it got from the daily press of this country. During the first two days the newspapers did an actual service in the display and prominence they accorded to it, for they must have brought the situation to the attention of every literate American in this country. They could have done this, however, with dignity and good sense. Some of the editorials they printed did have those qualities. In their columns they threw poise and restraint to the winds.

There is a theory cherished by most news executives that when the public is really interested in a current news happening it is quite impossible to print too much about it. The appetite for it is supposed to be voracious and quite insatiable. This theory is responsible for what I termed, when the word was practically a newcomer to our language, ballyhoo. It is one of the ugliest phases of daily journalism, for it sets up a sort of circular hysteria between newspaper men and newspaper readers. Many of the persons who read the daily press are suggestible and emotional; their emotion is communicated to the newspaper through letters and telephone calls. Thus we have presently a situation in which one side is as excited and semi-responsible as the other.

Before we discuss the psychological effect of such a situation on the public—for newspaper men as a class are notoriously excitable and irresponsible—let us take a further look at what the newspapers themselves have been doing in the Lindbergh case. The news "broke" on a Tuesday night. The general manager of the International News Photo Servic promptly assigned his entire staff to the case. Moreover, he chartered two ambulances and fitted them with developing equipment; then he loaded them with camera men and started them for the scene. But why ambulances? Because, most grave and reverend seignors, ambulances surpass trucks in noise-making devices. What was wanted was a lot of noise during a highly speedy trip. Bells clanged and sirens screamed, going and coming. The pictures taken on the Lindbergh estate were developed during the return trip and were ready on arrival for the telephoto and airplanes. An aerial camera was shipped to a point near the estate, where an airplane picked it up and on the following morning made shots from the air of the Lindbergh house and the surrounding country. Within thirteen hours after the abduction became known, this Hearst agency had sent thirty pictures over its entire telephoto system at a transmission cost of more than $3,000.

One might suppose—even a newspaper man like myself, with some eighteen years' experience, might suppose—that two or three able-bodied and industrious reporters with one or two photographers, who themselves frequently are good newsgatherers, would be competent to cover and illustrate a news happening centering in a country estate nearby. That was not enough; batteries of office boys and automobiles and airplanes were concentrated at the spot, and sob-sisters were detailed to lavish their paid sympathy upon the family. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., president of the New York *American*, graced

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Silas Bent was born in Kentucky and is now living in Connecticut. Long a newspaper man, he has served on Louisville and St. Louis papers and on the editorial staff of the New York *Times*. Mr. Bent has also been connected with publicity work and is well known for his contributions to magazines. He is the author of *Ballyhoo—The Voice of the People*

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the tumultuous scene with his presence.

The Associated Press sent four men and two women to Hopewell and put at their disposal four automobiles. Another reporter was assigned to watch the home of Mrs. Lindbergh's mother in Englewood. The staff in Hopewell bought the use of a telephone near the Lindbergh estate. The International News Service had but five men and three automobiles. The United Press used six men with three automobiles to hurry them around. Robert J. Bender, general news manager for United Press, gave an excellent sidelight on news valuation when he said: "I can't think of any story that would compare with it, unless America should enter a war."

THAT the Lindbergh baby was missing was discovered and the police were notified around ten o'clock in the evening. Already the morning newspapers in New York had sent their "bulldog" editions to press, but later editions carried, first, bulletins, then a main story with "sidelights." Both morning and afternoon papers on Wednesday and Thursday gave whole pages to the event, most of them all of the first page.

"There's absolutely no limit on space for this story," city editors told their reporters and rewrite men; and in consequence they got the sort of stuff they might have expected. The New York *Herald Tribune* sent three men and a woman—this woman, it so happens, is not a sob-sister but a competent newswriter. In the office, fifteen men were assigned to dig up "background" material. A Washington correspondent was instructed to watch for "angles" there. The New York *Times* spotted men at every place where the kidnapers might turn up, ran one of many special wires to New York and lived up to its reputation of printing more stuff about the story than most papers can find space for. The *American*, with its president—as they say of movie stars—"present in person on the stage," had twenty men and women at work, not only in Hopewell and Trenton and Englewood, but in Boston, Providence, Albany and at airports. Its day city editor was on the spot in Trenton and Winsor McKay, cartoonist, was assigned, of all things, to sketch the ladder used by the kidnapers. The *Daily Mirror*, a tabloid picture paper, which got an early tip of the abduction, had nine reporters and photographers in Hopewell by eleven o'clock that evening. Three others were sent the next day. The *World-Telegram*, a Scripps-Howard paper, which had ten men in New Jersey at work on the story, dedicated its first page unreservedly to the story for a week.

Congress meanwhile was struggling with the most important tax bill, I venture to suspect, in our history as a constitutional nation; the fate of China hung in the balance; famous persons, including a distinguished writer and college professor, were dying; but, obsessed with the hysteria of the Lindbergh case, the daily press paid small attention to these small matters. It is useless to pretend that hard-boiled news executives were so broken up about the Lindbergh boy that they could think of nothing else. What they were thinking of was circulation.

They got it. The two Hearst papers in New York City aggregated 300,000 extra copies. The average for the whole city was more than fifteen per cent increase. Probably it was nearer twenty per cent. When one reflects that the daily press of Greater New York virtually blankets its community, an increase in sales of nearly one-fifth is a large order. In Washington the increase was not so great and Boston developed only what circulation managers called "g o o d gains." Chicago, however, which has the yellowest and most irresponsible newspapers of our large cities, rose jubilantly to the occasion as "the greatest human interest story of a decade." Philadelphia newspapers reported increases close to fifteen per cent and regretted that the event had not sold as many papers as the Allen murder trial recently, in which persons socially conspicuous were involved. The *Public Ledger* sent ten reporters and photographers to Hopewell, the *Evening Bulletin* six, the *Inquirer* five, the *Record* four, the *News* a niggardly three; that is to say, the *News* detachment had a skimpy look in comparison with the lavishness of other papers, both in Philadelphia and New York, although three competent men could easily have covered all the legitimate news and picture developments.

With this immense contribution of man-power to the story it was two weeks before the newspapers learned that the Lindberghs customarily left open the shutters in all parts of the house save the nursery wing, and did not draw the blinds, so that persons outside could easily spy upon their movements. No, the newspapers jumped at the easy suspicion that some servant or employee had given information to the kidnapers. Ultimately it may prove—for this is being written while the case is still a mystery—that there was actually some skullduggery of that sort; but the chances appear to be against it, and in any event the action of the daily press cast a cloud upon all the servants. It would have been quite easy and quite obvious for newspaper men to inform themselves about the shutters and blinds. That they neglected to do so was not only a grave injustice to the employees but a disservice to their readers.

For two weeks after the abduction no thorough investigation was made of a story which reached the newspapers as well as the police that two servants not far away, who had acted a little queerly on the night of the abduction, had disappeared the following morning. But, one may say, this was clearly a matter for the police alone. To the contrary, especially since the police have shown that they are powerless or unwilling to deal with crime in this country, it was a matter for the newspapers.

It is unnecessary to pile up instances of newspaper bungling, but it may be worth while to set down the cause of it. Some of the ablest reporters in New York and Philadelphia, as well as for the press associations, have been at work on this kidnaping. Why has their work been slovenly? Because the very multitude at work fosters and encourages carelessness.

THESE broader blunders are quite aside from a gullibility which in some cases amounted to positive hospitality to false rumors. In justice to the newspapers it should be said that radio broadcasters, whose words are dissipated into thin air, transgressed rather more frequently and egregiously than the daily press, whose words remain a printed record. Yet one paper reported circumstantially that two representatives of Lindbergh, with "a Morgan man," presumably a member of the house of J. Pierpont Morgan, were on the eve of flying to Detroit with $250,000 ransom; another announced that leaders of a Denver gang had arrived by airplane in Newark. One "trained seal," a woman novelist who is widely known, reported with an air of credulity that applejack distillers had stolen the boy to frighten the parents out of that neighborhood.

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Time and again it was said that the child would be back safely with the Lindberghs within forty-eight hours, although the ineffable mayor of Boston set the time limit at seventy-two hours. It seems that he had heard about it from a man who had heard about it from another man.

PERHAPS the star stunt of this journalistic galaxy was the work of Arthur Brisbane, who visited "Scarface Al" Capone in his Chicago cell, and wrote four columns to tell how and why, if released, the gangster could find the missing child. This was spread through all the Hearst papers, sometimes under eight-column banners. The Scripps-Howard news service announced at once (and the ill-natured may have suspected jealousy of its rival) that it had "approximately the same interview" with Capone days before, but wouldn't use it because it wouldn't glorify criminals, and a Scripps-Howard paper was horrified that American justice "must go begging and bargaining for such help." The Chicago *Tribune* press service derided the exploit by printing mock dispatches wherein celebrated criminals volunteered their service if they were set free.

John Grier Hibben of Princeton University said that "if the Lindbergh baby is not found it will be the fault of the press for their interference in the case." Before he said this, however, the clear-headed father of the abducted child had perceived that so long as his lawn was cluttered with reporters and photographers the kidnapers would not dare return the boy nor even communicate with him. Therefore he requested them, politely but firmly, to move over to Trenton, whence all news would be given out. Most men, if their property was being overrun by a horde of intruders who were making nuisances of themselves, would command them to leave, but the Colonel, although he has more than one reason for detesting newspapers, kept his temper admirably.

This step disposed merely of the physical presence of the newspaper men and women. The publication of false and frequently silly rumors could not be stopped so easily. We have a "free press," which means that it is free to print your picture without your consent, among other things, and to fabricate absurd relief maps of the country surrounding your estate, if you have one. At the outset, in order to have the likeness of the baby spread far and wide, and in the hope that this might aid the search, the Colonel had permitted photographers to copy pictures theretofore unpublished, and this appeared to be a wise step; although the Colonel, for all his disquieting experience with the effrontery and rapacity of the daily press, could hardly have realized to what lengths they would go in this instance.

Thereafter such news as was to be obtained emanated from Trenton, although enterprising reporters, armed with field glasses, did spy on the Lindbergh home. Distrustful alike of newspapers and the police, the Colonel employed first two and then a third man from the underworld in the belief that, if the kidnapers were gangsters, men of their own kidney could more easily get in touch with them. This was a singular commentary on what we in this country call civilization, and when the news reached England it moved the Manchester *Guardian*, one of the ablest and most famous newspapers in the world, to observe that the real government of this country appeared to lie in the underworld.

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S offer to pay any ransom and to guarantee a safe getaway for the kidnapers was generally applauded, owing to his inescapable predicament, although I saw one letter calling it "petty treason." The obvious answer to this sort of sniping is what Patrick Henry said when he proposed in the House of Burgesses that Virginia be put "in a state of defense," when he was interrupted by cries of "Treason!" "If that be treason, make the most of it." Those who cry petty treason at the Colonel may well profit by his experience.

The actual news available in regard to the case, after the first few days, would hardly have filled a thimble. Nagged and driven by their superiors, the reporters became importunate. Their insistence was so strong as to cause ill-feeling and in one case at least fisticuffs between an officer and a newspaper man. The intercourse was reduced to a question-and-answer basis; that is, reporters wrote their questions and submitted them to an authorized spokesman, who answered them frankly or equivocally or not at all, as he chose.

THE device was not new. It had been tried—and is still being tried—with poor success when Washington correspondents interview the President. Commenting on the Hopewell situation, *Editor and Publisher*, organ of the newspaper business, said: "These proceedings well illustrated the impossibility of getting at truth by pouring it into question-and-answer molds. The result was an imperfect photograph, with the highlights in the wrong places and the better part of the scene in total darkness." And again, in a separate editorial:

"The extent to which America has in the past ten years replaced orderly processes of law with expediency is exemplified by developments in the Lindbergh kidnaping case. This crime, latest in a series of some two thousand abductions of men, women and children during two years, is an index of the immunity enjoyed by criminals from either prosecution or popular indignation. Two thousand kidnapings in two years have been duly reported by newspapers and wire services, with convictions in only sixty-five cases, yet it required the theft of the most famous baby in the land from his own bedroom to move Federal legislation hysterically to the point of enactment . . . .

"Gangdom, financed by outlaw liquor revenue, has its hand in every branch of crime, including kidnaping, and its machine guns, backed by cunning lawyers, have demonstrated their superior strength over the constituted authorities. What hope remains of arousing popular indignation to end this new shame of the nation is in the free press, free alike of police and gangster domination. When crime in all its aspects ceases to be news, we will either have the millennium or the end of the American republic."

Marlen Pew, editor of this paper, often is as outspoken as the next man in condemnation of unethical newspaper practices. I have set down here what he had to say because I think his contention

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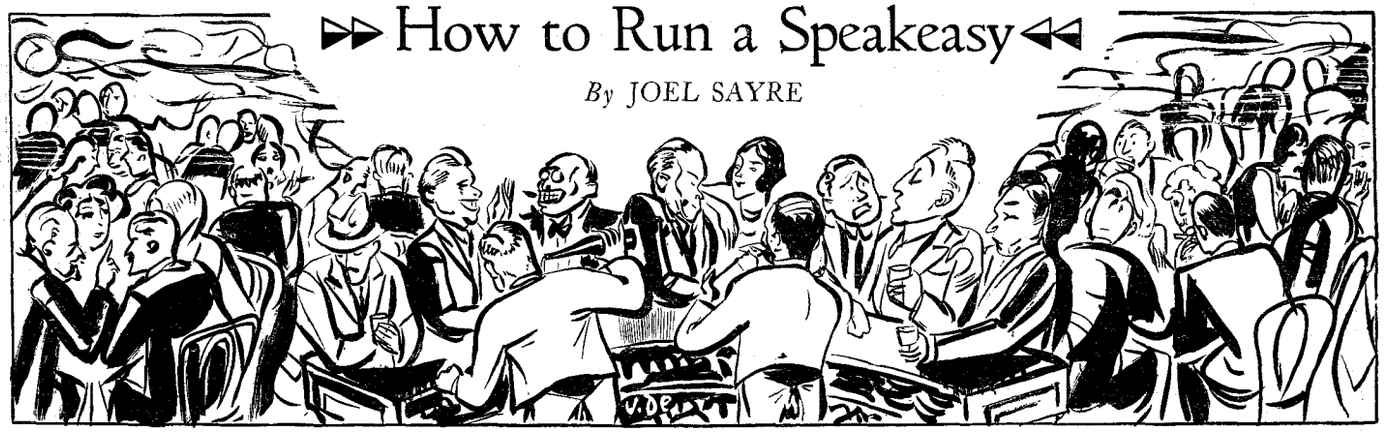
How to Run a Speakeasy

By JOEL SAYRE



THE experts consulted were unanimous in declaring that it is not being done these days with any signal success in New York; and that a man who opens one this year and expects to profit thereby is a fool and will come to no good end. Better to open a vein, seemed the glowering consensus of opinion. Evil and bleak times have fallen on New York's 32,000 tavern keepers, too. None of them has made a dime since last June or July. The guiding principle seems to be: "Dig in your cleats and pray for a break." The chief cause, of course, is the depression. Former customers are either making their own gin and drinking it at home, or they have given up drinking almost entirely. An old regular who was once as much of a bar fixture as the beer spigots and the ice bat now sneaks a quick one and apologetically ducks out. And as for sucker money, that manna so many speakeasies thrived on back in the Seven Fat years, it vanished long ago and is unlikely ever to be seen again. Speakeasy proprietors, it would seem, miss the dear old *luxus* trade as much as the jeweler, the penthouse landlord and the broker; and they are striving as hard to see around the corner as any of us. With as little success.

Another gloomy thought for the speakeasy proprietor is that 1932 is a presidential year. For in every presidential year since the coming of prohibition Washington has had to indulge in plenty of grandstand play for the benefit of the West and the South. This grandstand play is always at the expense of New York and takes the form of spectacular raids on establishments where city slickers are known to enjoy themselves. This presidential campaign opened early in January when a body of the Great White Father's braves swooped down on three of the town's costliest pleasure domes and not only closed but, under a recent Federal interpretation of the old excise laws, dismantled them. Such flagrant political propaganda was one of these raids that the news reel trucks arrived on the scene before the raiders. Of such is the Kingdom of Hoover.

This interpretation of the excise laws has rung the death knell of the lavish New York speakeasy, the speakeasy whose adornments cost thousands and thousands of dollars. According to the interpretation, if you are not paying an excise tax (and it's kind of hard to if you are running a speakeasy) a mirror or a picture or a piece of tapestry that you may have hanging on the wall of your joint or maybe a comfortable sofa standing in the ladies' room is an appurtenance to breaking that law and therefore may be confiscated. Last fall, before this interpretation was handed down, one of the best known designers of *décor* in New York did a $50,000 job for the combine that owned the three pleasure domes mentioned above. Knowing his combines, this designer demanded his money on the line before he lifted a T-square. He got it, mostly in $100 bills; but no sooner had he completed his work than the *Federalistas* knocked off the joints and hauled away in their trucks all the *décor* that a crowbar would remove. The combine, which owned six other lavish joints, quickly closed them and put the *décor* in storage. This action was taken on the grounds that it was manifestly absurd to run a flash spot when to do so was merely to invite a Federal house-wrecking. So, until somebody can think up a really bombproof way to outsmart this interpretation of the excise laws, speakeasy *décor* will become more and more Spartan as time goes on. At present the boys are soaking all the labels off their bottled goods which, when seized, they swear they bought twenty-five years ago from their old grandmas. Some parties even keep the stuff in pitchers. These expedients have not yet been tested in court; and nobody is very optimistic about them. However, some lawyer will think of an out after enough paraphernalia has been seized to bring forth a panic call. Liquor lawyers always let their clients squirm awhile, before they come to the rescue. It makes for bigger fees.

But granting for the sake of argument that you were crazy enough to want to open a speakeasy this spring and had $10,000 (the minimum amount you'd need) which you could put to no better use—this is more or less the way you'd proceed.

IN THE first place, contrary to the general belief, you wouldn't have to see anybody, that is, anybody official. Not unless you were setting up one of those Babylonian hostels and, as has just been remarked, that would be sheer suicide. But say you were opening up an ordinary little place, run under the guise of a restaurant, the safest kind to run. The first person you would see would be a landlord. You would go to the landlord and tell him you wanted to rent the basement of one of his brownstone fronts. The landlord would ask what you wanted the basement for, and you would tell him you wanted to run a speakeasy in it. There would be no use telling him it was a pit store. He'd find it out as soon as you started installing that three-inch pipe you need for your bar. Three-inch pipe means only one thing to a

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Joel Sayre is an experienced newspaper man who has become widely known as an expert on racketeering, crime and criminals. He is the author of *Rackety Rax*, a gangland satire, which appeared in a recent issue of the *American Mercury* and has now been published in book form

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landlord or a plumber, and each acts accordingly.

Each overcharges you about 300 per cent—that's what acting accordingly means. The landlord, ordinarily, would get about $75 a month for his basement. But what does he ask you for? He asks you for $300 a month, and you can take it or leave it. What's more, you've got to lay a full year's rent on the line in advance or he won't even listen to you. Some of the big joints in the Broadway district pay $1000 a month; and one poor guy whose super-de-luxe hanging gardens got knocked off and dismantled a week after they were opened, had forked $52,000 (a grand a week) in advance even before the workmen started on the three-inch pipe.

But we're opening just a modest little place in the basement of a brownstone and we've paid old Shylock $3600 for a year's rent. Our next headache is the kitchen and bar. Any kind of a half-way decent kitchen (we're assuming that you'll want to serve good food) will cost $1500—that is, stoves, sinks, utensils and their installation. The bar will run from $800 for only a fair one to $1000 for a good one. You'll have to have two ice boxes and that will be another $800. Furniture, china, glass and linen will set you back $2000 more. Never mind about the silverware—that you buy at Woolworth's. There is something about the atmosphere of a speakeasy that makes the help keep dropping knives, forks and spoons into the garbage cans; so it's a good idea to have the cheapest kind of stuff. After a few cocktails the customers won't know the difference anyway. You'll have to install two terlets, which will come to $500.

Now for your help. You ought to have two bartenders, and you'll have to if you hire Irish: one for the luncheon and afternoon trade and the other for dinner and the evening. However, if you can get hold of a smart young Italian who can tend bar he'll be all you need, for he's sure to be ambitious and eager to work eighteen hours a day. You pay a bartender $20 a week. When business is brisk a clever one can make from $85 to $100 a week with tips and all; right now he makes from $35 to $50. A chef you will have to pay from $50 to $75 a week outright, as he doesn't cut in on the *pourboires*. Be sure that he can cook, for although you don't make any money on the food, it's good food that builds up good will. And in these days good will is the only thing that makes a speakeasy tick. Waiters you pay a dollar a day, and in good times they make up to $65 a week. Now they're lucky to earn from $25 to $35. Your porter you pay $10 a week. He'll be the hardest working guy in the joint, one who has to battle for his tips and sometimes for his life. If you have a hat check girl, you don't pay her anything. She'll make about $25 a week snagging the gents' *chapeaux* and the ladies' capes. In the big places the hat check concession used to be sold to outside parties for as high as $6000 a year. The drunks who bought their hats back from the charmer for $5 thought they were helping to pay mamma's mortgage; but they were only making some fat Greek fatter. The gal worked on a straight salary of about $15 or $20 a week. The cigarette gal likewise works for her tips. You buy fifteen-cent cigarettes for twelve cents a package, sell them to her for fifteen, and she sells them for anything she can get above a quarter. A pretty dame can snoot all kinds of money out of the gentlemen in a lively place.

Now about protection. You'll no sooner get started than some plainclothes representative of the police captain in whose precinct your joint is situated will call on you. You don't have to see him. He'll see you. You'll find him very reasonable and pleasant to deal with. All these tales about the cops sucking the life's blood out of the speakeasies are absurd. The police realize that a man has got to live; and that if they shake down a joint too much they are killing a golden goose. Twenty or twenty-five bucks a month will be ample and if you aren't doing so good you can always get a reduction. A few beers on a hot day or a couple of quick shots on a cold night will more than satisfy the cops on the beat. Once in a while you can slip them a couple of bucks or a pint of rye. If they become objectionable you can get tough with them and report them to the captain. It's good to keep in with the cops; they often hear about Federal raids and will tip you off if they consider you their friends. Don't be surprised if one of the boys on post comes in some night with a scrawled postcard which he will say was received as a complaint at the precinct house. He was able to intercept it, he will say. Give him a couple of bucks for the postcard and send him on his way with a knowing pat on the back. If this postcard business happens more than twice, however, kick his pants out of the joint and call up the captain. Such things become a nuisance. The cop on beat's main grift is shaking down the bootlegger who delivers your stuff. But that's *his* headache.

Oh, yes, before you have been going long you will also receive a visit from a likable fellow in a blue uniform, but wearing a standing collar. This will be the Fire Department. He will look around and find several minor violations of the Fire Laws. From five to ten bucks a month to your district fire captain will take care of these violations and save you a trip to the Board of Standards and Appeals. Don't forget to send the captain a turkey on Thanksgiving, Christmas and the Fourth of July. They're good guys, the Fire Department, and maybe some day you might need their help, so look out for them.

The political leaders of your district will be around to call on you. Treat them nice. They won't want any money, but see that they get plenty of attention. Hover around their tables, find out their favorite dishes and make sure they get enormous helpings, for they are sure to be terrific trenchermen. And get out plenty of your booze (not your best, but your strongest) and see that they get a snootful. When they ask for the check, give 'em plenty of the old: "Pleasure of your company . . . . any time . . . ." And whenever they come in, with no matter how many friends, do the same and always tear up the check. You'll find that they hardly ever bother you, for there will be so many joints in their districts that they can't cover them all every night. Whenever an election rears its ugly head, be sure to contribute readily —to both parties.

Now, about the Federal agents—there's no safe and sure protection against them known to man. Even the President's brother-in-law got pinched for merely holding the bag for a friend without even knowing it was loaded. The trouble with the Federals is that they get shifted around so often without notice. Just as you get friendly with one group, a flying squadron of them comes plunging into a territory without even the local boys knowing about it, and they louse up the place something terrible. Don't forget what Ma Willebrandt did in New York four years ago. She's out now, but her soul goes marching on. The first time a Federal drops in for a chat, slip him

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whatever you think he'll take; but $50 for tops. He'll promise to tip you off whenever a raid by his colleagues is ahoof. If he does, that's fine, and you can keep doing business with him. When he gives you a call over the phone, get all but two or three bottles out of the joint and then they can't get you for anything worse than possession—which is a $100 fine. If you get raided without any tip-off, the next time your Federal pal comes around throw him out in the middle of the street.

But you'll just have to accept the *Federalistas* as a permanent headache. Unless they've got it in for you, you can usually get tipped off on a raid by the locals. The out-of-towners there is no way of knowing about. Don't let strange customers into your joint. Smart speakeasy proprietors this year are staying on the premises from the time the joint opens until it closes, and taking a squint at everybody who rings the bell. Watch out for unescorted women. Most of them don't do a man any good. They twitter their way in and get served and pretty soon the joint is cluttered up with them. It makes surveillance lax, and before long a squad of prohis is back of your bar flashing badges. Speaking of badges, watch out for the phonies. There are plenty of fake agents working the town, and they are 99 per cent successful in their shakedowns.

Now that we have taken care of rent, equipment, employees and protection, we come to another important item, namely, booze.

You'll need $500 worth of wet goods to get started, say two cases each of rye, scotch, gin and brandy. Right then and there you must decide what kind of booze you're going to have in your joint—genuine or made up. If you want genuine, rye, scotch, gin and brandy will cost you about $50 a case. If you want it made up, you get what is known as "gallon goods" for about $5 a gallon. Gallon goods is raw alcohol with the desired extract and coloring thrown in and shaken up. It sounds terrible, but it's what 85 per cent of the speakeasies in New York serve when you order rye, scotch, gin or brandy. Many seem to thrive on it.

On whether you serve the real McCoy or gallon goods depends the price you charge for your stuff. If it's the McCoy, you'll ask 75 cents or a buck a drink for rye, scotch, gin or brandy, straight or mixed. If it's gallon goods, you'll charge fifty or sixty cents, depending on the quality of alky. Some proprietors serve both: a high grade of gallon goods over the bar or at the tables, and the McCoy if a patron buys a bottle to take out. It's entirely up to you.

Here is the way your profits will run on the genuine stuff:

You pay $50 for twelve bottles of booze;

One bottle costs you approximately $4.17;

There are 26 ounces in a bottle, out of which you get thirteen drinks (providing the bartender doesn't sneak any) at a cost of approximately 33 cents a drink;

Each drink sells for seventy-five cents;

Each bottle served as drinks brings in $9.75; or

$197 for the 156 drinks in the case;

Leaving you a profit of

42 cents on a drink,

$5.46 on a bottle, or

$67 on a case.

Now on the gallon goods your profits will be much higher. You buy a case for as low as $15. You sell it for 50 cents a drink. The 156 drinks in the case will bring in $78 or a profit of $63. But if you use gallon goods, the house will have to buy about one drink in four to keep the customers happy. On the other hand, you may have noticed that in joints where the booze is good and a drink fetches from 75 cents to a dollar, a house buy is a miracle.

The smart proprietor serves a tactful mixture of both genuine and gallon goods and hopes nobody dies or breaks out in a rash on the premises.

The American drinker, as is well known, is more ignorant about wines than about any other form of liquid refreshment, so that you can make a nice profit on the gleanings of the grape. Buy your white wine for $1.50 a gallon from the rabbis. It's made in California, but, put up in a bottle and labelled "Sauterne," "Chablis," "Pouilly," "Vouvray," "Moselle" or "Graves," none of your customers will know it from the genuine. What an American will drink and smack his lips over as wine is incredible. Cork and label your own stuff and sell it for $3 or $4 a pint. The red wine you buy from the Italians. Cork and bottle it yourself also. Call it "Burgundy," "Chianti," "Lachrymae Christi" or anything you want—nobody will know the difference. The Italian gentleman will be glad to sell you 48 pints for $36. You let the customer have it for $3 or $4 a pint, same as the white. It's good enough to cook a ham in, anyway, and it won't hurt him unless he drinks too much. But what won't? Champagne, the most miserable grade, costs you $50 a case. Charge $12 to $15 a quart for it.

You would be wise to carry bottled beer instead of draft in a place like yours. Bottled beer you buy for 25 cents a bottle and sell for 75 cents. There is no money in Canadian ale, for it costs you 72 to 73 cents a bottle and you can't very well charge more than a buck for it, which is too little profit in this profession. Some proprietors carry a little of it to oblige their customers and build up good will. Draft beer you'd better leave to the fellow who runs the joint behind the butcher shop on the corner. There's a big profit in draft beer, for you buy it from $8 to $14 a half-barrel, out of which you ought to get about 200 drinks. If you sell the $8 goods at 15 cents a glass you take in $30; and the $14 goods, at 25 cents a glass, fetches in $50. But a draft beer business has to rely mostly on the lower orders, and you don't want a joint like yours loused up with a mob of truck drivers, cable splicers and longshoremen, all plunging around in dungarees.

Well, that's about all, except to remember that 15 per cent of the checks you will cash for customers will bounce. Serve a good dollar lunch so that you can get the same customers to come back for dinner where the real trade lies.

To recapitulate, you have to make an initial outlay of at least $10,000. Your help will cost you about $100 a week. Your protection will average around $100 a month. Your profits are excellent, if you can get somebody to profit by. There's the only problem—for the profiteer to find enough profitees. Are we ever going to reach that corner? In New York thirty-two thousand embattled speakeasy proprietors pause for an answer.

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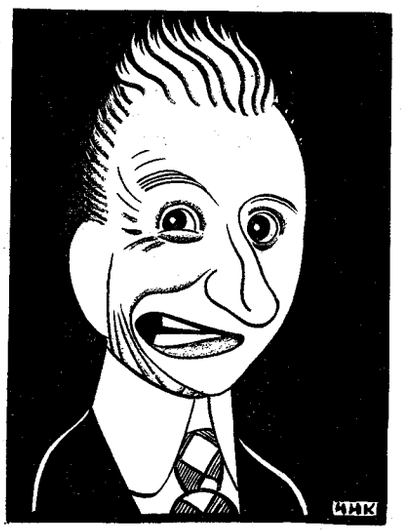
Give 'Em Hell, Carter

By DON WHARTON

IT IS three o'clock in the afternoon of a balmy winter day. A half dozen United States Senators are gathered around the massive white icebox which graces that sanctum of sanctums, the Democratic cloakroom. Each Senator has taken a bottle of mineral water off the ice, poured the inadequate stuff into a paper cup and raised it, half-shamefully, to lips which parch for stronger things. The most dignified of the Senators, he who has governed a Southern state and married a wealthy widow, breaks the silence with the solemn pronouncement that before the moon is full he is going to make a speech. He explains that for months he has been sitting on the Senate Finance Committee with Carter Glass. "And," protests our disgruntled one, "I am tired of being called a damn fool."

It is eleven o'clock in the morning of another day. Behind the mishmash on his desk in the Senate Office Building sits Carter Glass himself. He is talking to a visitor, explaining the attempt on the part of certain bankers to secure his approval of an amendment which would have vitiated the Glass-Steagall banking bill and allowed the banks to get away with murder. Senator Glass explains what the bankers have sought and how they had gone about it. He bangs the desk with one hand and reaches for something with the other. He picks up a letter signed by one of the bankers, reads a paragraph therefrom, pitches the letter back into the heap and exclaims, Glass snarl and all: "Why, dammit, I wouldn't give two minutes' thought to such a proposition as that."

These two incidents are not merely typical of Carter Glass. They are in part explanatory of the contempt which he holds, first, for stupidity and, secondly, for hypocrisy and downright dishonesty. This contempt, rising frequently to hatred and bitter rage, has colored his entire life—his early newspaper days, his sixteen years in the House, his Secretaryship of the Treasury and his twelve years in the Senate. Washington today is full of anecdotes about Glass. His is a saga which is rapidly increasing. Years later, when Glass, now seventy-four and white-haired, has been gathered to his fathers, some one will search out and bind together all the tales about him. And the best of them all will, undoubtedly, illustrate his contempt for the hand that is grasping and the mind that is small.



CARTER GLASS

Carter Glass came by his temper honestly. There are some amateur psychologists in Washington who attribute it to his celebrated diminutiveness—he is the Tom Thumb of the United States Senate. But these ungenerous persons ignore the fact that Glass is every bit as large as Newton D. Baker and King George V. On the other hand, some Washingtonians will trace Glass's irascibility back to the ails of his young manhood—he was in a New York hospital when elected to the Virginia Senate in 1899 and was convalescing at Watkins Glen when elected to the Virginia constitutional convention two years later. So much for these easy explanations.

THE truth of the matter is that his father, Major Robert Henry Glass, an editor-responsible of the old school, had quite a temper himself. He lost an eye dueling with a reader of one of his two newspapers. On one occasion Carter, having advanced from reporter to owner of a rival newspaper in Lynchburg, took issue with his father. Carter made a journalistic killing by quoting an earlier editorial written by Major Glass in support of the other side of the question—the side held by Carter. Major Glass rushed over to his son's office.

"Where did you get that editorial?" Major Glass demanded.

"I keep a scrapbook."

"I have no respect for any man who keeps a scrapbook," Major Glass stormed as he walked out of Carter's office.

As for Carter himself, he had exhibited a temper by the time he had spent a decade in the Virginia countryside trod by his Scotch-Irish forebears since before the revolution. As the legend goes, Glass was playing on a boys' baseball team in Lynchburg—he grew up there with former Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma and Samuel Untermeyer, the New York attorney. It was in the dark decade following the Civil War—Glass was born in 1858—when inter-metropolitan games in the South as often as not ended in free-for-all fights. When this particular game took that turn and when the Lynchburg nine seemed to be getting the worst of it, Carter grabbed the only bat on the diamond and put the visiting team to flight.

If this tale has a semblance of truth Glass certainly underwent a great change before he got to Congress in 1902. As a Lynchburg editor and publisher he came to eschew the bludgeon type of combat. As a politician he gathered some little fame with his sharp, biting, vitriolic irony and sarcasm. In fact, on the offense as well as the defense Glass has been most particular about his *armes de guerre*. For instance, in 1913 Glass undertook the difficult task of securing approval of the Federal Reserve Act from the Democratic caucus at Washington. It was an hour of great responsibility, probably the most critical in the financial life of the United States as well as in the political life of Glass. The Bryan Democrats were in revolt, claiming that Dr. Wilson, Mr. McAdoo and Carter Glass had framed an act altogether too friendly to the conservatives. At the caucus a Mr. Henry of Texas waxed eloquent on this theme. His was a speech full of sound and fury, but highly effective. Glass, who followed Henry, had a ticklish job. He had both to explain the intricate technicalities of the bill and to arouse enthusiasm for it. He started out in the manner of a schoolteacher, lecturing to his class. His best friends listened intently though doubting that Glass was succeeding. But gradually Glass warmed to his subject. His arguments began to take point. The atmosphere of the room began to change. Wilson men, heretofore squirming in despair, became excited. One of them suddenly lost control and cried out in a great booming voice:

"Give 'em hell, Carter, give 'em hell."

Glass stopped. He looked from one side of the room to the other. He raised his eyebrows and in quiet, even tones asked: "Why use dynamite when insect powder will do the work?"

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It was not this speech but another supporting the Federal Reserve Act that led Woodrow Wilson to remark on Glass's use of the snarl. Almost without exception Glass speaking is Glass snarling. He snarls when he speaks to the Senate and when he speaks to you across his desk. In fact, at any time or place. Someone once said that he was the only man in the world who could whisper in his own ear. So when Glass snarled the Federal Reserve Act through Congress Wilson said: "He did all that out of one corner of his mouth. Think of what he could do if he would use both sides."

GLASS's Federal Reserve speech, understood to be the first in eleven years in the House, might be called the turning point in his life. Before it he was hardly known outside of Virginia. After it he became a national figure and, gradually, one of the most generously praised and trusted politicians in the United States. When Wilson made Glass Secretary of the Treasury in 1918 such a hidebound Republican institution as the old New York *Tribune* praised both appointment and appointee to the skies. In Washington's recent battle over the banks the *Herald Tribune* said that Glass's "political courage has been as notable as his financial ability," while New York City's other Republican journal, the *Evening Post*, said it could but "admire the outspokenness of Senator Carter Glass." In 1923 it was reported that an informal meeting of twelve New York financiers, most of them Republicans, devolved into a discussion of presidential candidates. A secret ballot showed eleven of the twelve favoring the same man. That individual, we are told, was Carter Glass. In the same year Mark Sullivan declared that Glass's own modesty and unwillingness to thrust himself forward were the chief handicaps to those trying to hand him the Democratic nomination for President. Glass himself provided a more realistic view of his handicap in a statement made prior to the San Francisco convention of 1920. "Even if I could measure up to the stature of the kind of a man whom the convention should really nominate," he said, "I live in a section that is relied upon to furnish the electoral vote but not to supply the candidate."

Unlike Theodore Roosevelt and any number of other politicians to whom "political courage" is ascribed, Carter Glass did not acquire his after reaching the top. Glass started out with it and kept it through thick and thin. He had the essence of courage when in 1888, having left school at fourteen, learned the printer's trade and worked up from reporter to editorial writer on the Lynchburg *News*, he borrowed money and bought the paper. The files show that he was a potent editor. He admired the writings of Junius and patterned his own style after them. Soon after the advent of Bryan and his cross of gold Glass descended upon Virginia's Democratic convention and startled the wits out of Confederate colonels and generals with a notable speech nominating J. Hodge Tyler for governor. Subsequently Glass was asked to run for the State Senate, which he did, winning without making a speech. Asked to run —really asked—for a vacated seat in the House of Representatives at Washington, Glass captured all the votes save a thousand. Those were the days when Virginia, once the proud mother of Presidents, was controlled by a machine, a machine which played with railroads and ran with the precision of Tammany and the ethics of an Ohio gang. Like all machines, the Virginian had need for men of ability—such as Glass. They could help the machine and the machine could help them. That was the situation confronting Carter Glass in the 1900's. He looked at it, he and William Atkinson Jones of the First Congressional District, and decided to tear it to pieces. Aside from the dishonesty involved, these men disliked the level to which Virginia had sunk in the United States Senate—the list of Virginia's post-war Senators included William Mahone, Eppa Hutton, John S. Barbour, Harrison H. Riddleberger, John Warwick Daniel and Thomas Staples Martin. So Jones and Glass turned against the chief machinists, Martin and Claude Augustus Swanson. Glass was told that he was butting his head against a brick wall when in 1911 he offered himself as the anti-machine candidate for the Senate. As for that particular race, nobody knew it better than Glass. His move was conceived as an opening wedge with full knowledge that the machine-run legislature would vote him down. It did, but Glass eventually broke the machine.

This is one of the ironies of government in the United States—in the House and in the Senate Glass has been one of the few men who could speak with authority on finance, yet Glass himself acquired that authority through accident. There is no record of his having had any knowledge of finance when he arrived at Washington thirty years ago. He came from an agricultural district, he had never engaged in banking nor studied it at any college or university, and he, quite unlike Bryan, had not felt any call from heaven to revise our currency system. Glass was given, naturally enough, a place on the House agriculture committee. Normally he would have stuck to agriculture. But fate came along in the form of a Western Congressman who wanted to get on the agriculture committee so as to impress his constituents —with extra favors, extra packages of seed, perhaps. He was given Glass's seat and Glass, a nobody, of course, in those days, found himself ushered willy-nilly to a seat on the finance committee. How interesting it is to speculate now, thirty years after, concerning that switch from one committee to another. Had it not been made, could we have had our Federal Reserve System? Had it not been made, could Glass, rising to authority and power on the agriculture committee, have prevented the governmental sins committed in the name of agricultural relief? Whatever the answers, the fact is that ten years and more passed before Washington dreamed that the accidental change was of any importance whatsoever.

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1912, three days after probably the most momentous election since 1860, Congressman Glass wrote to Wilson. Before Christmas arrived Colonel House had talked with Glass who, the sly Texan reported to Wilson, "candidly confessed that he knew nothing about banking or the framing of a monetary measure." Colonel House was probably displeased because Glass had disagreed with his proposal to put the Federal Reserve System (then a dream) under "central control." At any rate he seems to have given all too much weight to Glass's modesty. But Colonel House's report did not keep Wilson from summoning Glass to a conference at Princeton. There, on the day after Christmas, "in the little house in Cleveland Lane," began one of our most important collaborations between a President and a Congressman. Two Scotch-Irish natives of Virginia met and liked each other. They disagreed at times

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but they worked together. Glass could but admire Wilson's ability to dig through débris to the heart of a matter; Wilson could but admire Glass's almost bitter determination to write a sound Federal Reserve Act and to put it through Congress—on one occasion Glass spoke so harshly of certain bankers standing in the way that Wilson stopped him and said, "I am surprised, Glass, at your vehemence." Other people were surprised at Glass's success and whatever credit properly belongs to him for the writing and enactment of the Federal Reserve Act, it is noteworthy that when Wilson signed the act he presented one of his three pens to Carter Glass.

Wilson did nobly by Glass. He made him Secretary of the Treasury—Glass is the only Virginian to hold that post—and thus paved the way for Glass's appointment to the Senate in 1920. The Treasury job was but an interlude; the Senate was and still is the proper place for Glass. There he has come to be known as the watchdog of the Federal Reserve System. How often Glass rises and announces: "Having had something to do with the banking and currency bill, I desire to assert that . . . ." Yet often as he does, he commands an attention accorded to no other Senator save, perhaps, Borah. The Senate press gallery, for instance, still points to Glass's triumph of a few weeks ago. He had announced that he would speak on the Glass-Steagall bill enlarging Federal Reserve credit to member banks. When Glass rose a hush came over the Senate; as a man the members turned in their chairs to hear him. It was no mean tribute to the little man who in 1928 and 1929 stood almost alone against our new economic era. Still it is difficult to determine whether Glass's diatribes against the stock market boom were the product solely of a sound economic mind or partly of a bitter hatred for gambling itself. Early in 1928 Glass was at work on a bill to curb brokers' loans. A year later he was protesting against gambling on the stock market, comparing it to roulette. It was in March of 1929 that he launched his celebrated attack on Charlie Mitchell of the National City Bank for extending gobs of credit to bull operators. In May he proposed and in June introduced an anti-speculation bill to put a $5 tax on every $100 sale of securities.

In certain quarters it is charged that Glass, having fought the inflationists during the boom, has joined hands with them during the depression. This charge—obviously fallacious because the so-called inflationist moves of today have no likeness to the actual inflation of 1928-29—cannot be supported from the facts. It arises from a misunderstanding and confusion of Glass's objectives and the means he has employed to gain them. He has sought, first, to reform—permanently reform—our banking structure so as to prevent the abuses which go with booms—*i. e.*, overexpansion of credit and wild speculation in securities. He sought to accomplish that through his Banking Act of 1932, introduced in January. Glass's second objective was the product of the Administration's plan to ease the credit strain on our banks, hence on industry itself. Glass saw quite clearly that the credit-easing could be carried too far. In his attempt to prevent that Glass stands out as a modern Machiavelli. At first he let it be known that he doubted the wisdom of allowing the Administration to go ahead with its plan. This naturally caused great concern in Washington. The Administration evidently feared that without Glass's aid it could not put through an emergency bill to give the Federal Reserve System more power to create credit. At any rate, Glass was called to conference after conference at the White House. In the end the Administration was forced into a position where it was willing and anxious to have the emergency bill prepared by Glass himself. This bill—the Glass-Steagall bill—undoubtedly empowers the Federal Reserve System to create more credit, but Glass carefully injected limitations and safeguards, one after another.

Glass, like women and elephants, never forgets. Charles Evans Hughes crossed him in the Harding days only to see Glass come near preventing confirmation of his appointment as Chief Justice. Bishop Cannon helped Virginia disgrace her name in 1928 and Glass is still hounding him. The Senator never had any illusions about the Bishop's fight against Smith. Glass realized that Cannon was making a bid for political power and declared, three months before the election, that prohibition was "a false pretense behind which hide the skulking haters of the Catholic religion." Glass was at his best in that campaign. Of all times in his life he was opposing stupidity and dishonesty. They brought to light all his fire, fury and sharpness. He coined the words "Hoovercrat" and "prohibi-got." He beat Mencken to the honor of calling Cannon "the Methodist Pope" and didn't stop until he had publicized the fact that the Bishop was at one time known throughout Virginia as "One-quart Cannon."

It was in this campaign that Glass made himself ridiculous. He claimed that prohibition was not an issue; worse, that Smith "has made Tammany the cleanest political organization in the United States." Glass is a dry, of course, but not a drinking dry. Let anyone say that he is and a score of Washington newspapermen will rise in protest. Glass himself once told the Senate that he had never taken a drink in his life. Senator Bruce of Maryland replied for the wets, but the best that he could say was that "the Senator has denied himself a very rich measure of perfectly pleasant enjoyment." Glass, evidently, was not convinced. One newspaperman who had worked for Glass and moved on to a metropolitan paper said: "I think he's as near a genuine prohibitionist as I've ever seen." He is also a staunch Methodist, a member of the Board of Stewards of Lynchburg's Court Street church, powerful politically, financially and, perhaps, spiritually. But Glass is not a Virginian of the cavalier type. Contrary to the general impression, his given name did not come from the Virginia Carters but from an old Methodist preacher. Neither Glass nor his wife, who towers above him, goes in for Washington society. They have a few friends but they do precious little entertaining. Glass prefers other things. While his wife is devoted to orchestral music, Mr. Glass likes the musical comedies. He plays setback, reads all the biographies he can lay his hand on and retains a boyish interest in football and baseball—the Philadelphia Athletics are and have long been his favorites. Since the Treasury days, when the Glasses took a house in New Hampshire Avenue, they have lived at the Raleigh Hotel, had two rooms and a bath there. Nothing makes Glass madder than to be asked to help some Virginian's social ambitions by writing a letter to our ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

As MODESTLY as he lives, Glass still thinks that he spends too much money. He thinks most everyone does. He has financed his three decades in Washington through the profits of his two newspapers. He has also been able to take a fling at stock-breeding and win several prizes with his cows. He had to sell sixty of them in 1930 but, charac-

(Continued on Page 239)

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The Russian Nudists

By H. R. KNICKERBOCKER

The Pulitzer Prize for the best newspaper reporting in 1930 was awarded Mr. Knickerbocker for his series of articles on Russia. He was, and still is, foreign correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*

THE *"Grosses Schauspielhaus"* in Berlin is jammed to its doors with 2500 intent spectators. All are invited guests. Police stand outside to guard the assembly against interlopers. The atmosphere is heavy, humid. Scores of *"Geheimraete"* mop their bald heads and peer impatiently at the curtain. Presently it parts, and on the huge, empty stage appears a man in frock coat. He speaks:

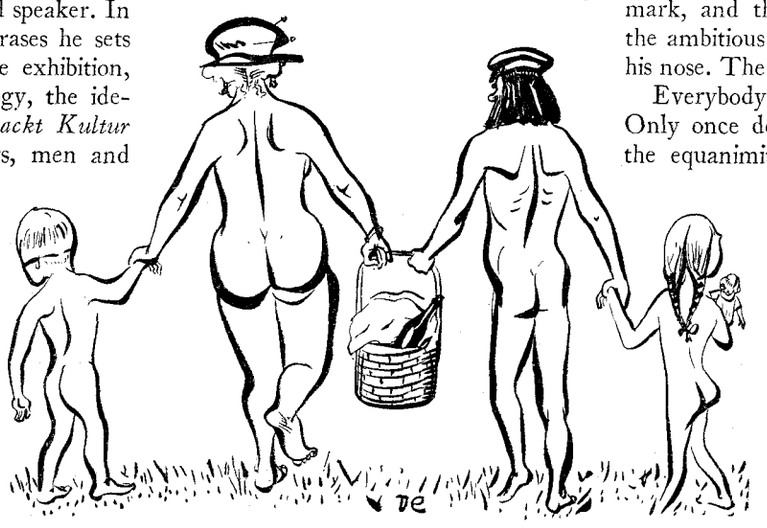
"Our movement is one of cultural significance. The human body has been reduced, enslaved, degraded by clothing. We aim to restore it to its rightful place, to give it its place in the sun."

Whereupon the frock-coated speaker retires and, the orchestra striking up a simple dance tune, the stage is suddenly populated with twenty men and twenty women, ranging in age from eighteen to fifty, and alike only in their complete lack of attire. They take their place not, in the sun, but in the glare of the footlights. For the next fifteen minutes the forty valiant proponents of nude culture advance and retreat, whirl and bow, soberly, earnestly going through the evolutions of a mass dance, while the spectators look on even more soberly, even more earnestly. The humid air has become laden with gravity, almost with gloom. Everyone present from the nude dancers to the spectators is resolved that no note of frivolity shall intrude upon their cultural exercises. So strong is this resolution that the performance becomes a discipline, and a spectator would as soon guffaw in church as break out with the slightest sign of amusement, much less of levity.

The dancers retire. Polite applause echoes from the serious hands of the serious spectators. Out upon the stage comes again the frock-coated speaker. In weighty and polysyllabic phrases he sets forth the significance of the exhibition, of the music, the morphology, the ideology, teleology of the *"Nackt Kultur Bewegung."* The spectators, men and women school teachers, university professors, government officials, lawyers, clergymen nod their heads, or listen skeptically perhaps but always earnestly. A slight pause. The atmosphere lightens. The curtain parts and once more the nude ballet of young, middle-aged and old male and female factory workers, college students, retired scholars, appears. Gravity descends again redoubled.

This is the nude culture movement in Germany. Not all of it. For "Light, Air and Sunshine" do play a practical rôle in the German movement. But the aspect is typical of the didactic, not to say pedantic attitude of the Teuton even toward the movement that is designed to be primarily one of liberation. Highly organized in dozens of Vereins, Gesellschaften, Bünds and Gemeinschaften, with scores of magazines devoted to their interest, the *Nackt Kultur* disciples attack their task of spreading the gospel of nudity in Germany with evangelical but scholarly fervor. The scene depicted is a literal description of a recent *Nackt Kultur Abend* in Berlin. No better background could be found as contrast and illumination of the same movement a thousand miles east of Berlin in the capital of Germany's great Slavic neighbor.

Of all the startling aspects of the most unusual land in the world, none is so astonishing to the visitor from abroad as the banks of the Moscow River at this season of the year. Spring, summer mean more to Russia than to countries blessed with a milder climate. After the long winter of yard-deep snow, of temperatures as low as thirty below zero, and of inadequately heated rooms, the first sunny days of May, the first mild days of June, the first warm days of July are to the population progressively generous gifts of Nature far more intensely appreciated than these same gifts to the people of more southerly countries.



We take the tiny river steamer from the center of Moscow, lounge upon its decks for an hour and debark at Lenin Hills, one time Sparrow Hills, the eminence on which Napoleon stood a hundred and nineteen years ago and watched the flames of the burning city light the sky, consume his hopes. On the cliff side of the river a group of summer houses, cafes and open air restaurants cluster. On the far side sandy flats stretch mile long and on these flats is proceeding a combination track meet, mass picnic and circus. Thousands of men and women, boys and girls, babes in arms and aged grandparents are playing games, eating picnic meals, swimming in the river, or merely taking the air, basking in the sunshine. This is of course no novelty. The scene could be duplicated in any of a thousand *"bourgeois"* summer resorts. With one exception. Here the majority of the picnickers, of the young athletes, of the older people, are quite naked.

A group of young men are competing in a broad jump. Half a hundred of them stand at the jumping pit, or in line for their turn. All are entirely unclothed. No girls are among them, but soon a half a dozen maidens, in light summer dresses, pass by and stop to watch the jumping. A bronzed youthful figure hurtles through the air. The girls exclaim as they see he has exceeded the mark, and then break out laughing as the ambitious athlete pitches forward on his nose. The girls pass on.

Everybody takes it all for granted. Only once does there occur a break in the equanimity of the crowd. A timid young man emerges from the underbrush in a bathing suit. In a trice he is surrounded with hooting youngsters and, driven back to his refuge, he reappears some time later nude, and, attracting no attention, goes in swimming in peace. Another group of young men is engaged in staging a hun-

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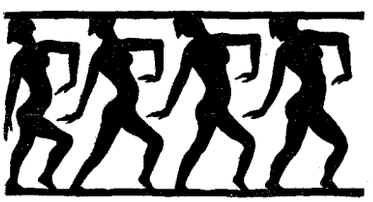
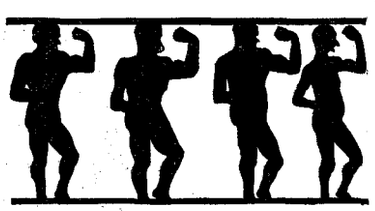
dred meter dash. They too have their occasional, casual group of female spectators, but the women are clothed. Off to one side a group of girls are playing handball. They are nude. No male spectators are nearer than fifty yards. Down in the river several hundred nude women of all ages are swimming, paddling about or standing knee deep and gossiping. Nobody pays any particular attention to them. Their section of the river is partitioned off by a slight wooden fence that runs up to a back-wall, a sort of sign to the men that this is female territory, but no protection against observation. Only in the central part of the sand flats are to be seen groups of nude men, women and children, together. They are family parties. Otherwise, from an innate sense of modesty (or is it after all a vestigial remnant of the old *bourgeois* shame?), the men and women nude cultists in the Soviet Union keep their distance, although, as has been noted, the presence of clothed women spectators at nude athletic contests of men may frequently be observed.



Here are all the specific characteristics of nude culture movement in the Soviet Union. No organization, no preaching or teaching about it, the whole thing taken as a matter of course. There is not a single magazine devoted exclusively to the nude culture movement in all of Russia. In Germany every news stand is crowded with them.

In Germany and elsewhere the proponents of the movement make a point of bringing nude men and women together, in declared defiance of convention, of prejudice and sometimes of common sense. Witness one gathering credibly reported to me of an evening at home of Berlin intellectuals, new recruits to the cult of the nude, and full of all the enthusiasm of converts. Six men and six women, some of them married, some of them not, all however bent upon proving their new-found freedom from the chains of clothing, assembled at the home of one couple. They arrived at nine o'clock, laid aside their overcoats and hats, and repairing to the dressing rooms, proceeded further to lay aside everything they had on. Their host served tea, they discussed the weather, the latest play, the Einstein theory, the last criticism of Spengler, the political situation, the stupidity of their neighbors, the general backwardness of middle class society and the poor heating systems of Berlin apartment houses. Despite their best efforts they grew chilly, and despite their zealous advocacy and practice of nude culture it gradually dawned upon them that clothes do have other purposes than the "*bourgeois*" purpose of promoting the sense of shame. "Silly" was the verdict of one of the men as he reached his doorstep.

This could never happen in the Soviet Union. Not now. Twelve years ago, back in the early days of the revolution, in the summer of 1919, when nude culture was still a fad in Russia, even more startling exhibitions of uncalculated enthusiasm were not only possible but happened. The parent organization of the movement that is now for the most part entirely unorganized in the Soviet Union, where more persons go nude in the summer time than in any other country on earth, was called the "Down with Shame Society." The "Down with Shamers" were real zealots. Their missionary ardour was unquenchable. It reached extraordinary heights. They pledged themselves never to wear clothes. Syllogism No. 1: Animals did not wear clothes. Men are animals. Therefore men should not wear clothes. Syllogism No. 2: The *bourgeoisie* cling to clothes. We are not *bourgeois*. Therefore we shall reject clothes. Simple logic. The first winter spoiled it, but while warm weather lasted the "Shameless" caused even red Moscow to sit up and think. Whole troops of them paraded down Kuznetsky Most stark naked, carrying placards challenging the population to follow their example, denouncing all who wore clothing as "slaves of *bourgeois* ideology," "backward," "traitors to the class struggle." Moscow was not prepared for that. Traffic stopped. Mobs gathered. Hoodlums jeered. The "Shameless" marched on, halted at a public square, and one of their most vocal disciples mounted a fire plug, clung to it with bare toes and harangued the crowd. Shame, he declared, was one of the worst curses of the Czarist epoch. Who, he asked, had not suffered from the sense of modesty? Who had not cringed at the exposure of his body to accidental public gaze? We, he cried, have destroyed this feeling within us. Look upon us, he appealed, and see free men and women, genuine proletarians, unfettered by the symbols of *bourgeois* prejudice. At this point a squadron of impious, fully clothed youths, shouting "*Duroc!*" [fool]—charged the assembly and broke up the meeting. The next day similar scenes were repeated throughout the city. The authorities were dubious. This was not especially advantageous propaganda for Bolshevism. The world had enough false ideas about the Communist revolution without the supererogatory notion that the Russian nation had gone stark, raving mad. Furthermore the Communist old guard had plentiful elements of thoroughly Puritanical men and women who viewed such antics with the same astonishment that they would evoke in ordinary non-Communist people. Yet it would have been tactless for the Soviet authorities, proclaimers of the complete unconditional freedom of the working classes, to forbid so harmless a demonstration of this freedom as the desire to appear unclothed in public. The Council of Peoples' Commissars referred the matter to the Commissariat of Health. The Commissariat of Health, manned by the diplomatic Comrade Semashko, found a way out. It issued a proclamation, commending the initiative of the "Shameless" in calling the attention of the population to the desirability of "light, air and sunshine," professing the utmost sympathy with the movement, but concluding with a joker. In view of the fact that the air of the city streets was so laden with dust and bacteria harmful to the human skin, it would be advisable, and in fact the Commissariat of Health laid it down as an ordinance not to be transgressed without punishment, that henceforth no one should appear on the thoroughfares of the city without due and sufficient clothing—due and sufficient being interpreted to mean enough coverage to prevent the gathering of throngs.



The proclamation finished with renewed reference to the value of that bounteous light, fresh air and clear sunshine to be found on the outskirts of the city, and, within its boundaries, on the banks of the Moscow River, but not on the streets. The hint was well taken. Not since that time have nude parades complicated the problem of Moscow's traffic policemen.

For the rest of that summer the "Shameless" continued their cult with mass meetings and impassioned speeches

(*Continued on Page* 238)

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Back to Victoria

By JENNIE P. BURGESS

The author of this article lives in Seattle, where she is connected with the English department of the University of Washington. This is Miss Burgess's first contribution to the Outlook

DRAWING her weekly wage, driving her own car, marrying and divorcing her men, today's woman sings of freedom. No more is she a slave to man's whim, nor an idiot or a child in the eyes of the law. No longer debarred from halls of higher learning, she studies what she pleases and enters any profession that appeals to her. She boasts of being free—yea, free as a man. But is she? Will she, for instance, continue to enjoy the freedom of loose-waisted, knee-length dresses when her master's voice (from Paris or from some manufacturers' association) bids her swathe her ankles and constrict her lungs? Are we women, liberated from old bondages, still the cringing vassals of fashion? As I read the descriptions of this year's new clothes and look about me, I come to the reluctant conclusion that the answer is in the affirmative. From that old slave-driver we women will never free ourselves. Before his altar we keep the sacrificial fire burning and into it we will fling many of our hard-won liberties. Do I, do you, know any woman who is deliberately defying the old dictator and is wearing what she honestly likes and is comfortable in?

Being possessed of well functioning glands and a good digestion, I cheerfully have faith in the happy outcome of most of the affairs of earth—I believe that the depression is about to end, that Al Capone will become a good citizen, that the price of wheat will go up to a dollar, and that the nations are about to scrap their armies and navies. Anent this one issue only am I a black pessimist. While other baneful conditions are on the mend, we women are being driven back to an ancient evil from which we had won our freedom. After more than a decade of glorious liberty we are again submitting to old servitudes. And I see no hope of warding off the imminent calamity. I hear my ball and chain rattling and dragging just outside the door; I cannot escape.

NEWSPAPERS and fashion magazines picture my impending doom—a headline says, "Paris styles lean to Victorian trend"; another talks of "a modified form of the bustle and the hoop skirt"; *Vogue* pictures skirt-shackled women mincing across the floor, and other papers talk about the "more romantic silhouette," say that the "illusion of the small waist is necessary" and that the waist must be a "little snugger." We are being forced back into a manner of dressing that is uncomfortable, expensive and constantly inventing new horrors. The corset maker's words of "illusion" and "little snugger" are coaxings to bring us back to the fashion which once made it necessary for a plump lady to have someone lace her up by placing a foot in the middle of her back and hauling on the stout strings that fastened her up. In the eighteenth century Lady Mary Montague wrote that the comfortably dressed Turkish ladies who saw her corset supposed it to be an armor into which her husband locked her to preserve her virtue. If there be virtue in the corset, then virtue is triumphing.

The stylists, the textile makers and certain mysterious agencies in Paris have won, and I, among others, have lost. For however much the very young may be entranced by the promises and the baubles of the slave catchers, those of us who are old enough to remember the beginnings of the present century know all too well into what miseries they would lead us. Oh, the horrors I remember. Would the girls but listen to me, I could a tale unfold would make their hair stand up far stiffer than the "quills upon the fretful porcupine," yea, even stiffer than the hooped crinolines that we may soon be wearing. I feel coming upon me again pains that once racked me—the teasing prick and scratch against my skin of a piece of steel down under ten or twelve layers of cloth, the clammy heat of cotton underwear beneath the broad piece of steel over my breast bone, the constant backache from the pull of heavy skirts and from the weary drag of wool and cotton against my ankles at every step, the sting of wisps of hair slapping my face on a windy day because my hat was only an inadequate saucer harpooned to the northwest corner of the nub of hair switch on the top of my head, the pinching tightness of sleeves making it impossible, once I was dressed, to reach my hair, which, fearfully and wonderfully made, might suffer from a falling strand. And the collars I remember—high ones cut to a point behind the ear, the point being held in place by a stay, another thorn in the flesh.

DRESSING was an ordeal which might be compared to the inconvenience of undergoing a major operation, and staying dressed was much like enduring a constant plaster cast. Many a lady had to put on her hat before she put on her corset—once rigged for the day, her movements were restricted to the making of slight bows and the opening of a prayer book. Edith Wharton describes one of the ladies in the Age of Innocence as coming into church having "the high color and the glassy stare induced in ladies of her age and habit by the effort of getting into a new dress." But we shackled ourselves meekly. We might not have the "awful beauty" of Pope's heroine, but at least we "put on all our arms," and if the resulting get-up was not for the destruction of mankind, who were supposed to be overcome by the resulting beauty, surely it was for the destruction of womankind, who spent painful hours rigging herself as though she were a ship. Midday bathing was unheard of in those strenuous days, for who would spend half a day tearing down and building up again?

And now these evils are all upon us again. As a woman whose time and money are limited I make moan for my fellow slaves similarly situated, for we are in the majority. Even more than against the bodily pain he inflicted do I sigh in helpless protest against the steal-

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★

$200 in prizes

and No Pussyfooting Allowed

★

Right now—not after the party conventions—is the time to think of party platforms. Right here is your chance to write one.

The Outlook Will Give

(1)

One hundred dollars for the clearest, best-reasoned and most readable platform for the Republican party.

(2)

One hundred dollars for the clearest, best-reasoned and most readable platform for the Democratic party.

The Winning Platform

for the Republican party will be published in the *June* OUTLOOK, for the Democratic party in the *July* OUTLOOK. Entries for the Republican award must be mailed in the United States before midnight May 5, for the Democratic award before midnight June 5. All entries should be between 1200 and 1500 words in length and should have definite planks upon all major national issues—such as prohibition, unemployment relief, tariff, federal finances, reparations and war debts, public utilities and so on. The editors of the OUTLOOK will be sole judges of the contest. Anyone save an employee of the OUTLOOK may enter.

★

You Demand Courage and Intelligence of Politicians. How courageous and intelligent are you?

WRITE YOUR OWN PLATFORM

★

ing of my time by the old slavedriver. I think of myself in about the year 1907 putting in my evenings scrubbing and brushing the street filth from the bottoms of skirts and petticoats five yards in diameter, spending long lovely summer days over an ironing board "doing up" petticoats decorated with dozens of ruffles upon which rode yet other ruffles all edged with miles of ruffled lace (you can see similar ones in today's fashion magazine), polishing stiff cambric corset covers and nightgowns tucked and betrimmed and containing ten yards of cloth each. Only by constant and herculean labors could a poor woman, say a school teacher or a secretary, retain the respectability of her station. When not thus polishing our chains, those of us too poor to afford dressmakers were forging new chains for ourselves—ponderous skirts lined and stiffened, shirt waists whose starched collars left a permanent dark line on the neck that no amount of washing or scrubbing could remove.

THE most impertinent impertinency of the old slave-driver, however, was his demand for constant changes in fashion of dress. Rich women gave their old hats and dresses to their servants every few months and came out in completely different costumes with stickouts in different places from last season and with excessive yardage draped and twirled in new ways. Those of us who were poor but respectable made things over, changing an overdrape into an overskirt and sleeves that bellied at the shoulder to sleeves that bulged at the wrist. A girl not clever at the rebuilding process or ambitious to look freshly clothed had to spend all of her salary to supply her manifold needs.

Relief from this oppression came gradually at first and then with such a rush that we could scarcely realize our freedom. Skirts became shorter, petticoats fewer, and by the year 1920 we had many sweet liberties and were well on the way to complete emancipation. Then the petticoat came a deserved death, the corset took its rightful place in the

museum, most underwear was discarded, the dress became a mere slip defined into shape by a loose belt, the hair was cut, high-laced shoes became obsolete, gloves and sleeves if worn at all were comfortable, and hats were discarded in warm weather and in winter became snug little contrivances that made walking in the wind a joy. We dressed for any occasion in five or ten minutes, and in fifteen minutes could strip, bathe and redress in the middle of the day.

Laundering that used to take two or three full days a week now took half an hour at night. Since fashions did not change, a woman was free to spend her money on something besides a complete change of wardrobe every three months. If a woman wanted to spend all of her money for a year or two on a car, a farm, or a library, she could keep neat and in fashion without buying any new clothes. How delicious the freedom of having a little time and money of one's own.

The tears come now when I remember how blithely some of us took for granted that the slavery was forever behind us. I recollect seeing, in the year 1922, a motion picture sponsored by the manufacturers of corsets, the theme of which was that the young heroine would lose her lovely figure unless she, like her mother, wore a corset. How we laughed, for then not only the flapper, but her mother, had thrown away the corset. Yes, we laughed at the foolishness of former days and sang the pæan of our own good sense and freedom. But history could have taught us that heights of civilization once reached by a people may again be lost to the powers of darkness. Prometheus may bestow the divine gift, but blind humanity may throw it away. The civilization in which Pericles and Aspasia enjoyed a life of the spirit freed from constant attention to material matters went down, so might that of America in the year 1928. To have said so then would have been accounted heresy.

BUT the downfall is upon us; the cataclysm is here. A few brave souls will continue to cling to their liberty, but they will find the price too great to pay. All will not realize at once that the end is here, so the Romans of the fourth century did not know that Rome had "fallen." Only later historians, viewing the story of a nation in retrospect, can thus set dates. And the historian of the future may write: "Before the middle of the twentieth century women had voluntarily given up all the freedom that at first the new industrial revolution had brought them. With the readoption of

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body-hampering clothes they found it necessary to give up the flying of airplanes and the participation in business. With the new fashions in dress came a return to 'gentility' which made women give up the more remunerative occupations, such as stock-broking, and to become again either school mistresses or seamstresses. Their time and incomes again taken up entirely with their clothes, they found it impossible to swim channels, play golf, write Ph. D. theses, edit magazines, or in any way invade 'man's world'."

As I see it, even today's clever woman who has secured a Ph. D. degree or a notable position in her chosen profession is stupidly submitting to a slavery more galling than most of those against which Susan B. Anthony and her co-workers fought. I remember saying to a friend in 1926 that the right to wear a short skirt was worth more to me than the right to cast a ballot. And now I still have the ballot, but I am allowing a few male dressmakers and a group of manufacturers to take away my right to step high or wide or handsome.

Backstage in Washington

(*Continued from Page* 211)

supporter happens to be a dry newspaper or an Anti-Saloon League minister or because they had given dry pledges in their last campaign. Comparatively few, however, remained dry out of conviction, and to our minds this development was unquestionably the most significant of the whole campaign.

As a result of this counting of red noses, the first test in the House since prohibition, the outcome of the November election will be fateful to the cause of revision or repeal. If there are severe casualties among the drys, and if men who went wet are returned from districts which they had previously thought to be dry or evenly divided, the next House may see not only a majority for changing the Volstead Act but enough votes—two-thirds—for submission of a repeal amendment. John Barleycorn's troops are marching on!

A. F. C.

Shiver my Whiskers! Ingram's Shaves are COOL!

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

SWAB your chin with Ingram's Cool Shaving Cream! Shave those barnacles off your prow with never a scratch and never a sting!

For when it comes to the cool and comfortable salvaging of whiskers, it's yo-ho-ho and a jar (or a tube) of Ingram's every time. To port or starboard or smack across your bowsprit, it's

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No need to apply "after-shaves" and face lotions when you've come to Ingram's. Its rich lather does the duty of a shaving cream, a face tonic, and a lotion, all in one. It tones the skin before, during, and after the razor work. And it's always cool and refreshing, leaving your face wonderfully smooth and comfortable.

Whether you buy Ingram's in the handy tube or in the economical jar, it contains three special ingredients. They make it different from all other shaving creams. They treat your face to shaves as soothing as shaves can be!

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
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It's not common. But it's not uncommon. With evening dress especially, Tuxedos or "tails," it's more and more the habit with well-dressed men. Try it—*wear an athletic supporter.*

Of course, for active sport or heavy lifting, wearing an athletic supporter is accident insurance—just good sense. And for long hours afoot or at the steering wheel it's comfort and release from fatigue.

Wear one. A good one. Ask for PAL, made by Bauer & Black. Your druggist has PAL for $1. . . . Don't wear a cheap one.

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The Spotlight on Sports

Oarsmen of a Vanished Day

COLLEGE oarsmen have an added incentive this spring. While training to win the Poughkeepsie and New London regattas, they will also be striving to earn the right to represent America in the Olympic crew races at Los Angeles next August.

The American elimination trials are set for July 2 on glamorous Lake Quinsigamond at Worcester, Mass., a site that will awaken memories of intercollegiate rowing's bewhiskered era. On this quiet stretch of water in the Eighties as many as eight or nine crews used to struggle annually for the trident. Even such small colleges as Amherst and Wesleyan used to boat crews in those homespun days. Rowing had not yet climbed into the half-million dollar class. There was no elaborate equipment; no Whitney or Morgan donated boathouses; no high-priced coaches requiring three or four assistants; no squads of sixty to a hundred candidates. It was all very informal and probably a lot more fun for the oarsmen than the high pressure drilling now in vogue. The crew men of that generation endured hardships which the luxury-reared youngster of today would not stomach. They dressed in cold, draughty shacks near the river bank—ramshackle barns quite innocent of hot showers, steam-heated locker rooms and cot-equipped solariums.

Any one of our 1932 crews, the perfected product of an intensified, highly systematized eight months' campaign, could tow home the best of those Victorian eights, but one doubts that the modern oarsman has quite the same affection for this fascinating sport as had the older generation of sweep pullers. Back in the Eighties a boy didn't stow away his oar for keeps when his college days were done. He joined a boating club and turned to single sculling or pair-oared rowing.

The Course

A SOMEWHAT bitter controversy preceded the selection of Lake Quinsigamond as the Olympic tryout site. Its choice was dictated by the process of elimination.

The Schuylkill River course at Philadelphia, scene of previous trials, was abandoned because of a bend which handicapped the outside crew. The Housatonic River course suffered from a similar objection. Ditto for the Charles River at Cambridge.

Lake Carnegie was judged too shallow. Everybody turned thumbs down on the Harlem River because of its tricky currents and its flotsam-infested water. In addition to specific defects, most of the courses listed above are too narrow.

The Hudson was regarded as a bit rough for a test of pure speed racing. The Olympic route is restricted to 2000 metres—a sprinting distance which measures about 420 yards more than a mile.

It will be quite a coaching trick to groom the Poughkeepsie and New London contenders for a sprint race within the space of ten days following those four-mile grinds. Naturally, the eights in question have spent months preparing for the long route. They will be gaited to four-mile rowing and the sudden transition may play havoc with form.

Still, Coach Ed Leader, wizard at imparting rhythm to his Yale crews, maintains that a topnotch eight can adapt itself equally well to any distance from a mile to four miles. He refuses to draw a distinction between sprint and distance crews.

New Football Rules

FOR the first time since 1906 the football rules have been revised drastically in the interest of safety. A quarter of a century ago President Roosevelt stopped toying with simplified spelling and trust-busting long enough to sign the death warrant of mass play.

That 1906 reform program ushered in the so-called era of open play. It now develops that the wide-open game, with its emphasis on high-speed blocking and tackling, is more deadly than the old push and pull style.

Of the six changes in the code—enacted at a secret conference of the rules committee at Hanover, N. H.—that restricting the use of hands on defense has caused the biggest furor.

A defensive lineman may no longer use his hands vigorously upon an opponent's head—a concession permitted by the old code provided such browbeating was an integral part of the initial charge. Through that loophole such brutal tactics as rabbit punching, uppercutting, hacking and cuffing crept into the game. Unscrupulous coaches encouraged these dirty tricks. Officials were lax about calling penalties for slugging. Some of them feared a retaliating black list by the team penalized.

It is significant that almost all the protests against the curb on hands have come from coaches who teach the Notre Dame system of defense, but don't jump to the conclusion that the exponents of the

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Notre Dame method favor rowdy, unethical methods. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

As a class these Notre Dame system instructors are high principled sportsmen. They do not teach their pupils to punish rivals about the head, but unhappily their technic is susceptible of abuse by hot-headed or deliberately vicious youngsters.

You see, the Notre Dame defense is predicated on the old Yale football doctrine—"Where the head goes the body must follow." Pupils schooled in this system are taught to stand up fairly high on defense and "fan off" an opponent by shoving or pushing his head. The head is the target for defensive hands.

Naturally teachers of this line technic feel that the rules committee has discriminated against their methods. The Warner system coaches, on the contrary, are delighted with the curb on hands. Pop's protégés have never taught their linemen to use hands on an opponent's head or face. Warner pupils are told to charge low on defense and dive under their rivals.

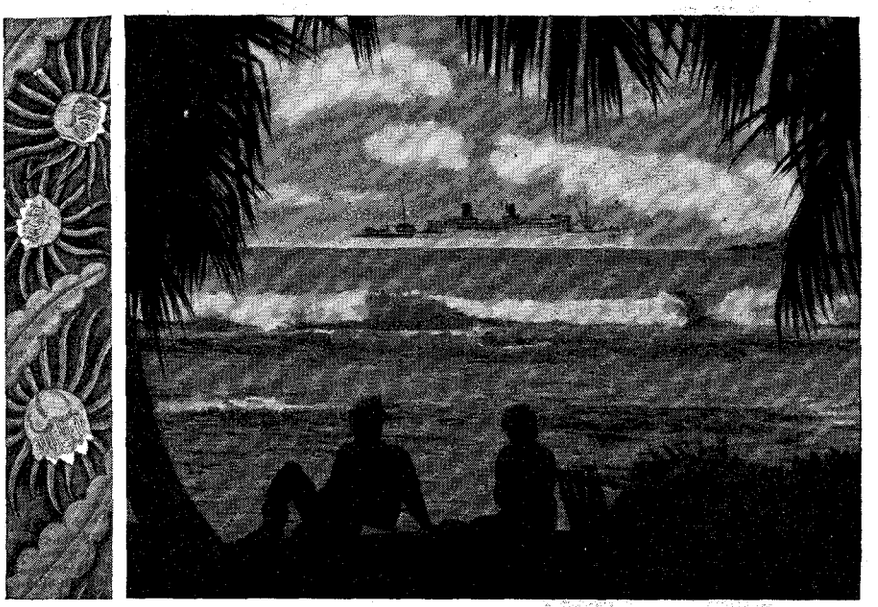
It all depends upon whose ox is gored. The Warner school of coaching, having lost nothing, can afford to give three cheers and prate smugly about "making the game safe for the boy." Conversely, it would be contrary to human nature for the Rockne system coaches to enthuse over a rule that will force them to revolutionize their defensive tactics.

▶▶*The Kick-Off*

A TRIAL game played under the new football rules at the University of Georgia last week indicated that the kick-off revision gives an unfair advantage to the kicking side. Last year most teams elected to receive, gambling on the chance of shaking a man loose behind the dreaded wedge. Next fall everybody will choose to kick off.

The new rule provides that at least five men on the receiving side must remain on their own 45-yard line until the ball is kicked. In theory, at least, these five pickets can't get back in time to form a bodyguard for the receiver. Thus the flying wedge is virtually nullified although not legally forbidden.

Under the 1932 rules the team kicking off has the option of punting, drop-kicking, or employing the conventional place kick. A high arching punt will be popular, I fancy, since it will permit the kicker's mates time to "gang" the luckless receiver on the latter's ten-yard line. In self-protection he may have to signal for a fair catch. It is obvious that the receiving side is going to have a bad five minutes or more at the start of the game. GEORGE TREVOR.



This Summer...

when your ship swings into Honolulu Harbor

SUDDENLY you are in the harbor. Speed boats, outrigger canoes and launches circle around; a half-pint sea-sled spurts over the waves like a drunken flying fish. Excitement lines the rail. Tug-boats bring laughing, jostling crowds, arms filled with leis. A native band plays the Song of the Islands. Brown heads dot the water, coaxing for coins. . . Coco palms wave from the shore. Patches of rainbow drift out of space to signal welcome.

Balmy air, freighted with blossoms. Blue ocean, emerald bay, green hills back of Honolulu . . . Behind you Diamond Head juts out to sea, shutting away the pressure of everyday realities. There's fabled Punchbowl hill, and high Tantalus mountain. . . . Hawaii, the breeze-cooled tropics—a cadence in your blood.

Come to Hawaii now! Spring and summer are lavish with color. There's much to see and do—a land of flowers, fern jungles, tropical fruits, sugar and pineapple plantations. Cliffs, volcanic craters, flying fish, ancient villages, shops. In July the thermometer may get as high as 85°, but the cooling breeze says let's golf . . . Swim, fish, ride, hike, cruise by boat or plane among the islands.

Hawaii and Pacific Coast conventions give added reasons for a Hawaii trip this year:

*National Foreign Trade Council
Hawaii, May 4-6

U. S. Chamber of Commerce
San Francisco, May 15-21

*Fourth Pacific Rotary Conference
Hawaii, June 12-14

Rotary International Convention
Seattle, June 20-24

*With direct steamer connections for the Mainland meetings.

A three-weeks round-trip from the Pacific Coast, all expenses included—hotel, sightseeing, etc.—can be made under $300.

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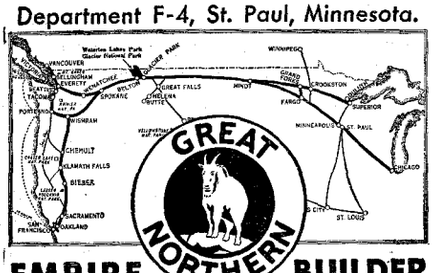
...Youth is King of the Mountains in Glacier Park!

A vivacious place is Glacier Park—wild and carefree and young. You catch its zest as you swing along the sky line on horseback—clamber over mile-up glaciers—fish in reflected mountains—lazily worship the sun. Vacations here are smartly different! Summer fares from the East are the lowest in history. Write Great Northern Vacations, Department F-4, St. Paul, Minnesota.



EMPIRE BUILDER
to Glacier Park, the Northwest and California

New Films and Plays

CONTRARY to the Declaration of Independence and the wisdom of film producers, we are not all created equal, nor do we all enjoy the same kind of movie. Some people, in fact, are so weary of pinky-purple romances and snide sophistication that they have just about given up going to the pictures. The truth is that while Hollywood occasionally produces pictures which appeal to an intelligent audience, this unhappy minority usually takes a terrible beating every time it ventures out for an evening's "entertainment." Studio extravagances, "blind block booking" (forcing your local exhibitor to show films he doesn't want), and plenty of easy money in the past have made a special distribution system for special films appear to be an excessive and uncalled for financial burden. As long as you can make money from one grade of product manufactured to show in all theatres, why bother about miserable minorities?

Only once was there a serious attempt to provide film entertainment for discriminating audiences. This was five or six years ago when most of our larger cities had little "art" film houses in which any picture was considered so long as it came from Europe. Bad management, fifth-rate films and the advent of sound closed most of these houses. "You see," leered Hollywood, "nobody wants to see 'good' pitchers."

But a new sort of "special film theatre" has been growing up in this country in the past year. Incredible as it may seem, it is starting spontaneously in such far-flung cities as St. Paul, Minnesota; Atlanta, Georgia; Berkeley, California; Rochester, New York; and Cleveland, Ohio. In these cities and about a half dozen more, organizations have sent away for some of the really notable films of the past and presented them in a series of subscription evenings at a cost no greater than that of seeing Constance Bennett strip down to fundamentals in the local dispensary. The St. Paul Institute, for example, has been showing such pictures as *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, *Czar Ivan the Terrible*, *Le Million*, etc., to audiences of about three hundred, at five dollars for twelve evenings. (Some of the old German and Russian films may be had for as little as thirty-five to fifty dollars an evening*.)

But looking at old films, you may complain, even beautiful and exciting ones, does nothing about Hollywood's love for the second-rate. And yet it does. It makes little groups of dissatisfied people all over the country, people who realize that the motion picture can be something more than a year-round kiss-kiss valentine for serving maids—and some small-town exhibitors have actually protested against showing such films. They make people critical and give them ideas.

Aside from the distribution of the new Russian films undertaken by RKO, the Apollo, a Fox theatre in Kansas City, seems to be one of the few commercial outlets for unusual films. To everybody's surprise *Caligari* recently played for three weeks in this 1300-seat Kansas City theatre—and broke all box office records.

Still another item seems pertinent at this point. *Variety* reports that movie executives have recently been booed and jeered at those fabulous Hollywood previews. "These frank expressions of disgust," adds *Variety*, are due to the fact that "the public, ordinarily unable to express its feelings for poor pictures, gleefully embraces the chance to pass loud comment."

"Tarzan, the Ape Man"

All of the old last-minute-rescue heroics of dime novel thrillers, as well as all of the Western Electric Company's loudest and most shattering sound effects, have been combined with all the wild animals in all the African jungles to

*The National Board of Review, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, can tell you how to get these pictures.

Films and Plays Worth Seeing

ARROWSMITH: Sinclair Lewis' story of a scientist who tries to go straight in spite of big business—with Ronald Colman.

ARSENE LUPIN: A hammy old melodrama done to a turn by John and Lionel Barrymore.

BROKEN LULLABY (also known as *The Man I Killed*): Fine direction by Ernst Lubitsch.

HELL DIVERS: The U. S. Fleet and Wallace Beery booming at each other.

HIGH PRESSURE: William Powell as a silver-tongued stock salesman.

ROAD TO LIFE: The year's best film—the taming of Soviet Russia's wild children. Plenty of English titles.

SCARFACE: A gangster film with more slaughter than the World War. Skillfully made and exciting, if not new.

UNION DEPOT: Thumping melodrama.

ANIMAL KINGDOM: Philip Barry on wives *vs.* mistresses.

BLESSED EVENT: The private life of a keyhole-peeking columnist.

FACE THE MUSIC: Swell burlesque of New York city politics.

GOOD FAIRY: Helen Hayes in a pleasant little fantasy.

LAUGH PARADE: Ed Wynn is grand.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Eugene O'Neill's conception of the old tragedy.

OF THEE I SING: Another riotous burlesque—this time of Washington.

REUNION IN VIENNA: A brilliant piece about unemployed nobility.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY: Helen Chandler and amusing nonsense.

THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET: Well-bred but entertaining British romance.

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make this new edition of *Tarzan*. But most important of all in this welter of charging hippopotami, roaring lions and snapping crocodiles is Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champion, who appears as *Tarzan* himself. Dressed in nothing but loin cloth, Mr. Weissmuller swings vast distances from tree to tree, kills lions single-handed, calls elephants and apes to his aid by means of a stentorian bugle call, and eventually abducts pretty Maureen O'Sullivan, who is out hunting big game with her father. Knowing your movies, you should easily guess that the girl is fascinated by his beautiful rippling muscles (all of which are plainly visible) and stays in the jungle when the others go back to civilization. *Tarzan, the Ape Man* may be pretty silly, but there's a place for everything.

Scarface, the Howard Hughes gangster story, has been so cut by the Will Hays office and state censor boards that I don't know how much of it will reach the theatres. However, from what I have seen, it looks like swell stuff. Mr. Hughes' first idea was to show the gangsters as they really are without glorification or heroics, but the truth was too brutal for the censors, who cut out many of the more unpleasant episodes. We must remember that this is America, where *nothing* unpleasant ever happens.

Freaks, which Metro made with Olga Baclonova and a full set of genuine Siamese twins, bearded ladies, pin-headed people, midgets and armless and legless monstrosities, is unusual all right, all right. While it isn't as horrible as it might be, it is much the best of the recent attempts to send you away jittering and shuddering. Decidedly it is not for children or the weak of stomach. The action centers about a two-foot midget who falls in love with Olga Baclonova who leads him on to get his money. The most fantastic scene is a wedding feast with Miss Baclonova the only "normal" person present.

The New Plays

The Theatre Guild's fifth production is a new Irish play by one Denis Johnston. Instead of merely repeating the fact that the Irish are a strange, strange people and all a little mad as so many other pieces have done, *The Moon in the Yellow River* analyzes this strangeness with a thoroughness and understanding which are decidedly critical. Although the action is outwardly melodramatic, Mr. Johnston is obviously less concerned with whether or no the German engineer's power plant which lights the town is blown up by native sons who disapprove of the machine age and all its benefits, than with drawing a detailed picture of the Irish character. His "revolutionists" are slipshod and half-hearted. Their projects are so thoroughly talked to death before they come to consummation that they usually refuse to explode at the proper time, as does the damp powder with which they want to destroy the electric plant. The result of all this indecision is that *The Moon in the Yellow River* is an interesting and revealing but never very exciting play.

▶▶"*Hot Cha!*"

For all his handsome sets and his regiments of great big beautiful blonde babies, Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld's new piece *Hot Cha!* is just a little old fashioned. It is true that he also has the resonant and grotesque Bert Lahr and some of his latest jokes about going to the bathroom, as well as the hip-conscious little Lupe Velez, but the business of glorifying big beautiful blondes (and they weigh about 15 lbs. more each this year) doesn't seem to be as vital as it used to be. Can it be that our common, garden women-folk have become so beautified as to make the Ziegfeld girls seem commonplace? Ladies . . . . I thank you! Anyway, *Hot Cha!* displays Mr. Lahr, Miss Velez and lots of handsome girls, and these will be enough to keep a good many people happy. By the way, the only store in the Ziegfeld Theatre Building is a tiny jewelry shop. Somebody thinks of *everything*.

Riddle Me This shows you in the opening scene who commits the crime and how he plants fake clews to trap another man—the result being an unusual and exciting mystery show. Instead of wondering who killed the beautiful woman, you wonder how long those stupid fellows on the stage are going to overlook what you know so very well.

Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire, the old Barrie play, has been revived for and with Laurette Taylor, and the result is something utterly charming and delightful. If you enjoy the slightly faded talk and settings of an 1890 romantic comedy, *Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire* should make you completely happy.

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The New Books

As a reviewer we have very little good to say of the three-decker novels that sail more and more frequently nowadays up over the publishing horizon. It takes a strong wind of inspiration to blow these heavy structures into the various ports for which they have cleared. And pity the poor reviewer who has to overhaul their complicated running gear, inspect them for seaworthiness, and examine piece by piece their enormous cargo. Well, let's drop the simile and consider the tremendous piece of work submitted to the public by John Cowper Powys: *A Glastonbury Romance*[1]. Here is a modern epic of the Holy Grail in 1200 pages, a ponderous, poetic giant of a book which strides along with its head in the clouds but with its feet firmly planted on the earth of Somersetshire, with which the Grail is so closely associated. The story concerns itself with the struggle for mastery between the various religious and political factions in the town, but of this confused struggle the author takes both a closer and a wider view, packing the book with the details of character, with the relationships and conflicts of dozens of men and women, and picturing the clash of cosmic forces which have their influence on all these activities. There is melodrama and love and jealousy and plotting enough to make a dozen stories. Most of the characters seem to have a screw or two loose somewhere, and Mr. Powys evidently means us to feel that their intensity is due to the fact that "the presence of the Grail in that spot has the effect of digging deep channels for the amorous life of those who touch its soil." Mr. Powys is always being compared to Hardy, and it is the Hardyesque observation and interpretation of the moods of Nature that we like best in his writing. There is a poetic grandeur about the apocalyptic passages which often seems inspired, but the literal connection of these visions with the story interrupts the action rather than carrying it forward.

Another member of the Powys family —Mr. T. F. Powys—is represented this month. *Unclay*[2] tells how Death, having lost the order given him by the Angel Gabriel to "unclay" certain Dorset peasants, takes a vacation from his labors and enters into the robust life of the people. There is sharp satire and warm, earthy humor in this fantasy.

We always look forward eagerly to anything of Helen Simpson's. Her fine, sensitive prose seems still untroubled by the swirl and splash of the swift modern literary currents in which so many of our authors flounder about ungracefully. Violence may occur in her books, but she does not underscore it; she does not shout "Mamma! Look at me! Look at me, mamma! See how violent I am being!" And in spite of the length of *Boomerang*[3], we enjoyed every page of it. It is the story of four generations of the Mortemar family: Auguste-Anne Boissy de Mortemar, who ruled a West Indian island; his son, who established himself in Australia; his grandson, who sailed in doubtful company to recover treasure from the island, submerged by an earthquake, and his great-granddaughter, who after being secretary in Australia to a lady lecturer who turned out to be a white-slaving impostor, sails to England, marries a man who later goes out to govern Australia, and ends up by visiting with her lover the trenches on the Western Front. There are any number of picturesque and exciting incidents, particularly in the first half of the book. Clotilde's love affair is a bit tepid; her adventures a bit flat in comparison with those of her forbears. The uprising of the blacks, the tidal wave, the dreadful bullfight, the killing of the bush-ranger—these are far more picturesque and exciting. But the characters are real characters, and there is no attempt to prove anything. In our opinion the best novels are like that.

Another novel dealing with Australia is *Mr. Gresham and Olympus*[4], by Norman Lindsay, the artist, who has unusual literary talent. The story deals with the efforts of Mr. Gresham, a successful architect with a wife and several almost grown-up children, to pluck a few autumnal flowers in the fields of romance. The misunderstandings between himself, his wife and the children, and the various emotional relationships which they are all cultivating, are all treated with a sharp irony and a malicious wit which make the book extremely entertaining.

If you never can tell which Wyndham Lewis is which, you have a chance now of finding out, for they are both on the month's list—D. B. Wyndham Lewis with *The Apes of God*[5] (600 pages in this one, too), an extraordinarily confused, elliptical, incomprehensible, involved and savage attack on the well-to-do, perverted, fake bohemians and intelligentsia who corrupt and debase art; and Wyndham Lewis with *Welcome to*

1. Simon & Schuster, $3.75.
2. Viking, $2.50.
3. Doubleday, $2.50.
4. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00
5. McBride, $3.00.

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All This[6], a small volume of sketches and essays, filled with the burlesque and wild humor for which he is chiefly known. Of the two, you'll get the most out of the latter, though there are some exceedingly charming passages in the former.

John Dos Passos will fiddle you no simple air, either pastoral or jazz; he has half a dozen strings to his fiddle, and in "1919"[7] he plays on them all at once, weaving an intricate tone poem of war times which continues *The 42nd Parallel*. By interspersing the narrative with bits of newsreel, camera eye and headline, he provides an accompaniment of the march of events without drowning out his individual themes. These themes, the lives of a girl from a Chicago minister's family, of a sailor who knocks about the world at the mercy of events, of a Texas girl, of a Harvard poet, and of a Brooklyn Jew, are admirably alternated and interwoven, individually well worked out, and gaining richness from one another.

A NOVEL scheme, cleverly carried out, appears in Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street*[8]. On one side of this short street, in the town of Doomington, Jews only; on the other, Gentiles only. If one of the sides had been in London, the other in Russia, they could not be farther apart in human relations. But one by one things happen to break the ice: the finest Jewish maiden is seen "walking out" with a handsome Gentile ship's mate; a Gentile boy is saved from drowning by a Jewish young man; some one starts a fund to present the saver with a gold watch; a memorial concert is planned and it is a grand affair, even if a Gentile did steal the watch. And so on. The bars are let down. The Great War has strange effects on Magnolia Street. So we get queer bits of life—comic, cheerful, criminal. The skill of the author in handling these interwoven scenes and character bits without confusing the reader is remarkable. Good and bad, mean or noble, these people are individuals. And when, just the other day, Micky Schulman, the world's lightweight champion, and Bella Winburg, millionairess from Riverside Park, New York, meet on a steamship coming home to England, and plan a great reunion meeting of old-time Magnolia Streeters, they start something that is a corker. The book is cram full of human nature.

L. A. G. Strong's *Brothers*[9] is the story of two Highlanders, Peter and Fergus Macrae, of the orphan Mary, and of the betrayal of the strong and upright Fergus by his envious elder brother. Mr. Strong is one of the newer novelists who are making reputations for themselves in England. A well-sustained piece of very fine writing, this book is nevertheless not the masterpiece the English reviewers proclaim it. They have damned it with too much praise. It is quite likely that Mr. Strong will some day write a masterpiece, but this isn't it.

To us, Geoffrey Dennis' *The Red Room*[10] seems more masterly because it is more individual. It is a story of horror and scandalmongering in a small English town, and concerns the developments after the suicide of a drug clerk, Cecil Cass, the efforts of grasping relatives to get hold of his wife's house and furniture, which are to be auctioned off, and the activities of Miss Prudence Euphemia Hyssop, that poisonous and malignant town gossip, and her band of attendant harpies. *These* people, you feel, are real.

Real, too, are the Stevens family, who in R. C. Sherriff's *The Fortnight in September*[11] do nothing more exciting than spend a two-weeks' vacation at the seashore. It is a story of tremendous trifles, done with marvelous insight and clearness of observation, so that the trifling experiences of these commonplace people take on the warmth and reality of your own experiences, and when, for instance, "toward the end of lunch the sun broke through and the vinegar in the cruet lit up and glowed like wine," you are as exultant as if your own happiness depended entirely on the weather. Mr. Sherriff is the author of the war play, *Journey's End*.

That Girl[12], a translation from the French of Jacques Deval, who wrote the amusing war book, *Wooden Swords*, creates without sentimentality as pathetic and appealing a character in Chèrie, the stupid little street girl, as we have read of in a long time. A kind heart and a love for her native France are the weapons with which Chèrie fights her losing fight under the hot sun of the Canal Zone. Her one desire is to save enough money to get back to France. But she is drawn into the net of the international spies and crushed by forces that she does not in the least understand.

Another French translation is Maurice Bedel's *Philippine*[13], which relates the absurd adventures of M. Brigadier, department store magnate, his dull wife and pretty daughter, in Mussolini's Italy. M. Bedel takes the Fascisti for a grand ride, and we wouldn't give 5 *centesimi* for his chances if he crossed the Italian border.

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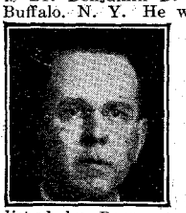

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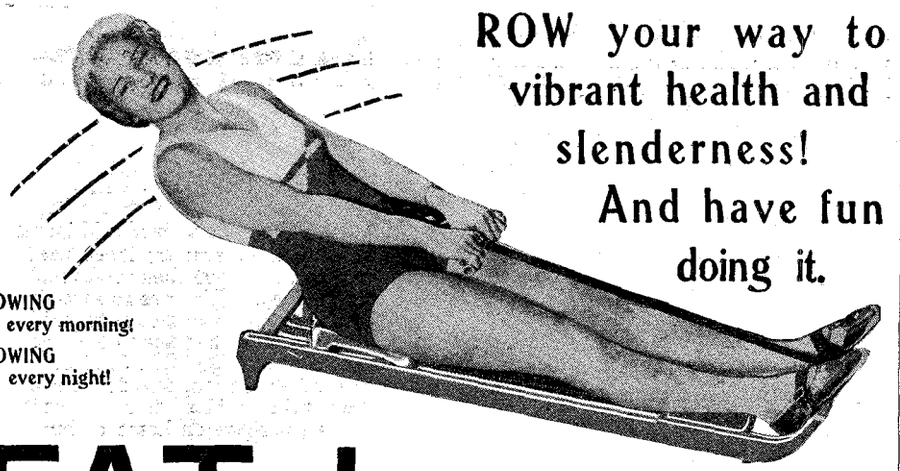

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Nevil Shute's *Lonely Road*[14] is a well-written, romantic love story, relating what happened when the bored and unhappy shipowner, Stevenson, brought a little dance hall hostess down to his country place to try to get some information out of her about her brother, who was implicated in a gun-running plot.

A revaluation of American literature, from Cotton Mather to Glenway Westcott, in terms of its present-day usefulness, has been attempted by Ludwig Lewisohn in *Expression in America*[15]. His interpretations take a modern and Freudian form, as might be expected; they are just and often brilliant; and they will do much to stimulate your interest in American writers of an earlier day.

There are several interesting books dealing with travel, adventure and odd goings-on in various parts of the world. *Enchanted Woods*[16] chronicles the ramblings of that inspired wanderer over the back roads of Europe, Henry Baerlein, through the woods and villages of Transylvania. This is one of those books with a pronounced *je ne sais quoi*. There are, thank heaven, quite a lot of such books, and a number of them are by Baerlein. To call this a travel book imposes unfair limitations. Here is Transylvanian enchantment that has nothing to do with vampires and werewolves, but is distilled direct from the woods and towns and people.

Pretty darned sensational, but Richard Boleslavski's *Way of a Lancer*[17] will certainly be on the best seller list before this is in print. Perhaps we should have said "therefore" instead of "but." Anyway, there are horrors and excitement aplenty in these adventures of the Polish lancers who refused to join the Reds after the Russian Revolution and had to fight their way back home. *Way of a Lancer* is the Literary Guild Book for March.

Herbert S. Dickey's *My Jungle Book*[18] is a highly readable account of the discovery of the sources of the Orinoco. But it is something more. For Dr. Dickey speaks his mind in discussing the exploration racket, missionaries, South America's dislike of the United States and various other things. His own achievements are so distinguished that his words carry weight, and we think they should be required reading for all who are interested in South America, or in exploring in general.

Two other books in this rather vague classification we might mention: William Beebe's *Nonsuch*[19], another of this author's charming reports of his activities

14. Morrow, $2.00.
15. Harpers, $4.00.
16. Simon & Schuster, $2.50.
17. Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00.
18. Little Brown, $3.50.
19. Brewer, $3.50.

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as a naturalist—in Bermuda this time; and Olga Woronoff's *Upheaval*[20], a Russian woman's personal view of some things that have been going on in Russia, with a splendid introduction by Tarkington.

From Leon Trotsky, whose brilliance is only a little less breathtaking than his versatility, comes the first volume of his *History of the Russian Revolution*[21], dealing with the February revolution, to be followed later by another volume on the Bolshevik insurrection of October. Trotsky's book is of first-rate importance. This does not mean that those who read it will at once have made clear to them the complete history of the overthrow of Tsarist Russia. Trotsky writes in the light of Trotsky—a light which is harsh to the point of being devastating when thrown on any political person or group of people in the Russia of his time with the exception of his two heroes, Lenin and the author. Nevertheless it is a record of events and the reader who remembers that the events are interpreted with a definite slant—a fact which can hardly escape him at any moment—will find himself rewarded by having read a book which is historically vital and is at the same time a literary work of superlative quality. The translation is by Max Eastman. As a note of warning—to clear the conscience of the reviewer—let it be added that the book is some 500 pages in length, containing much technical detail and is by no means "light reading."

Essad-Bey's volume on *Stalin*[22] is as exciting a piece of reading as an account of the life of a Chicago gangster—and not very different in atmosphere. The last half of the book, dealing with Stalin since his rise to power, gives in easy journalistic form Stalin's relation to the main events of the Russian Revolution. It is perhaps not an important book but it is a very enjoyable one.

Who Are These French?[23] by Friedrich Sieburg, a German who lived many years in France, was first published in Germany and in France, where it received a good deal of attention. To my mind America would profit immensely by according it the same courtesy. The book is original and unusually charming. Mr. Sieburg describes delightfully the French people in all parts of their country and in all phases of their life. France, he claims, is the only nation which still retains as its goal the idea of individual happiness and therefore is the only nation today in which the individual can live happily. But this very fact makes her the stumbling-block in a world which has had to accept a mechanized—or, if you will, Americanized—idea of progress which at the same time entails coöperation between people within a nation, and internationally. Like many other people, Mr. Sieburg believes that Franco-German relations are at the root of much of Europe's trouble, but he has the distinction of being able to add to a clear analytic mind a warm and deep-rooted sympathy for both countries. Mr. Sieburg is not only internationally minded, he is "internationally hearted"—which is more difficult and more important.

THIS might be said: let an American seek or fill any political office and the biographers will beat a path to his door. Patrick J. Hurley holds the office of Secretary of War and, it is said, aspires for the vice-presidency. In consequence, *"Pat" Hurley, The Story of An American*[24], by Parker La Moore—140 small pages of drivel and no index. Samuel Seabury has held the office of judge of the New York Court of Appeals; has, in the dim past, sought the office of governor, and is now on a vain quest for the office of President of these United States. Hence, *Samuel Seabury, A Challenge*[25], by Walter Chambers. With unlimited admiration for his challenger, Mr. Chambers nevertheless submits something of value because of his readable account of the ins and outs of the so-called Seabury investigation of New York City. *The Rise of Herbert Hoover*[26] is a book of another color. It will not help Mr. Hoover become the first Republican since McKinley to be twice elected to the Presidency. In truth Walter W. Liggett has dealt him a keen blow, one which will not be warded off so easily as was *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags* by John Hamill. Hamill's own background, together with his amazing lack of proportion, discredited his own contention; he would, for instance, have had readers believe that Hoover was a scoundrel on account of everything from having a realtor as an ancestor to wearing double-breasted coats. Mr. Liggett is much too experienced to adopt an approach so lacking in finesse. He ignores the trivial in Hoover's life, gives him, quite generously, too, the benefit of many doubts and, in tight places, lets the records speak—shout, one might say—for themselves. If Mr. Liggett is not convincing in his thesis that "the rise" was due to means not approved in Heaven, then he is at least plausible. In these days we'd rather have *The Rise of Herbert Hoover* than a two-

(Continued on Page 236)

20. Putnam, $3.00.
21. Simon & Schuster, $4.00.
22. Viking, $3.50.
23. Macmillan.
24. Brewer, $1.50.
25. Century, $3.50.
26. H. K. Fly, $3.50.

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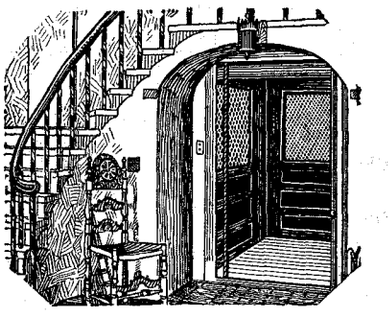

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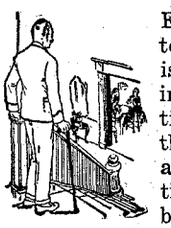

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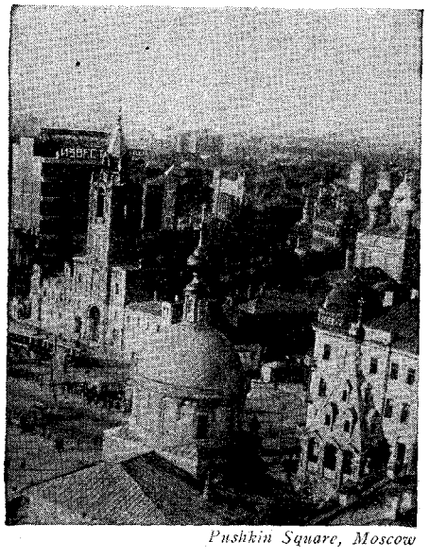

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IF THE weather makes your plant markers indecipherable, so that you can't tell the pumpkins from the gladioli, you can get weather-proof markers whose labels are protected from rain and sun and slip in and out of a case. We hope we make ourself clear. The markers are of steel, 14 inches long, with a label three and one-half inches long.

Another gardening item is the diamond shaped flower pot, 11 by six and one-half by six inches, made of porous Italian earthenware. Filled with flowers, these can be arranged in the patio or the back yard or whatever you call it to make a very goodlooking geometrical flower bed.

For more ambitious gardeners there is a greenhouse, 9 feet high, 10 feet wide, and 12 to 23 feet long, which can be bought completely erected, with or without heating, or the materials only may be bought, cut to fit and assembled so they are easily put together. Only one row of concrete blocks is needed as a base for the walls.

But if your garden is a window box, you can get a set of tools—rake, fork and spade of brass, 6 inches long—which is said to be just the thing for delving in such narrow quarters.

Of course you can have a miniature greenhouse in your home if you want to. These come in two sizes. Size No. 1 is 37 inches long, 22 wide, and 31 high at back, 24 at front. It will accommodate twelve medium size orchid plants, leaving room for a few decorative ferns. No. 2 is 31 inches long, 22 wide, and 31 and 24 high at back and front respectively. They are beautifully made of moisture-resisting woods, brass and copper hardware and double-strength clear sheet glass, with devices for ventilation and humidity control. A small thermostat and heater can be added if the greenhouse stands in an unheated porch. The firm that makes these makes up orchid collections for them.

A NEW shoe-shining machine, with a revolving brush that starts whirling when you drop a coin in the slot, is equipped with a dauber and a can of polish, so that you can get a real shine with it. The same company that manufactures this makes a coin-in-the-slot exerciser, which will give you thorough jiggling for a nickel. You step up on it, grasp the handles, and the base plate on which you are standing gives you 290 jumps per minute. Also made for home use. And "Oh boy!" says the advertiser, "what a vigorous and pleasurable shake your whole body will get!"

YOU'VE heard of the bird that laid square eggs and whose cry was "Ouch! Ouch!" Well, you can have square eggs for breakfast, and you can fry 'em at the same time you fry your bacon if you get one of those square skillets that have little partitions in them so that there are two small square rooms for the eggs to fry in and a larger oblong room for the bacon.

Another good kitchen item is the combination pepper and salt shaker that's airtight, easy to fill, and gives you salt when you press a white button and pepper when you press a black one.

THERE is on the market a new shower head for a shower bath that can be cleared of sediment by means of six tapered plungers which, when you pull a little lever, clean out any sediment that may have clogged the holes. These plungers can also be used to regulate the flow of water, so that you can get either a sort of needle shower, or a fuller, easier flow.

ANY woman who buys goods and patterns and makes her own clothes should be interested in a machine now being installed in some department stores which will show exactly what the finished dress is going to look like. The clerk puts in the bolt of cloth and a slide with the number of the pattern and presently you look in the window and there's the dress all made up. Don't ask us how it's done,

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because we don't know. But it's called the Simplex Visualizer.

▶▶ THE Dunhill Fountain Shaving Brush has a hollow, ivory white handle that holds a refill cylinder of shaving soap. You moisten the bristles, give the handle a slight twist and you have instant lather.

▶▶ A SMALL book called *Home Lessons in Tap Dancing* should be of benefit if you like to hold the floor at parties, and if you've been unable to master the saxophone, the Five-Foot Shelf, or the Art of Personal Magnetism. All you need to learn is a small space of floor—a bathroom will do. You can hum a tune if you haven't got an accompanist or a Victrola. Pretty soon a crowd will be gathered outside the bathroom door, cheering your mastery of the hop, slap, break or time-step.

▶▶ IF YOUR grandfather goes to sleep in his chair of an evening and is hard to rouse when you want to go to bed, get him one of those chair-beds we have seen, that have a hinged back that drops down, making a full length bed with spring and mattress. Then all you have to do is tip the old gentleman back, cover him up and go off to bed.

▶▶ IF YOU like the idea of having a magic door that mysteriously opens without human agency, like those in the enchanted castles of your childhood, at the approach of a mortal, you can have one. These doors, made by the Stanley Works, are photoelectrically controlled, and are usually installed between dining rooms and kitchens in restaurants so that the waiters and waitresses won't have to kick and bump the doors open and won't bang into each other and smash all the china and spill the chicken croquettes all over the floor. They are light double doors which fly open when the person approaching intercepts an invisible ray of light, and they close gently when said person has passed through.

▶▶ A FORCE pump which looks like a tire pump with an inverted rubber cup at the bottom is useful in clearing out stopped traps under sinks.

▶▶ AN ELECTRIC iron that works on a different principle than the usual household iron is made by the Crosley Radio Corp. It remains stationary while the pad beneath touches it, and the clothes are shifted along between the two surfaces. It irons everything, and you can sit down while you work.

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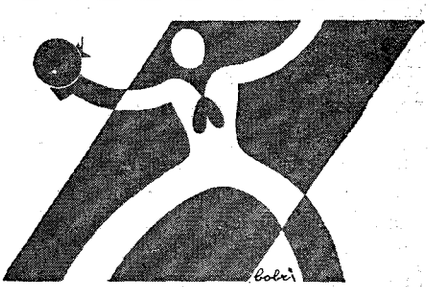

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Notable Music

OF THE musical novelties most recently performed, decidedly the most interesting is the new Second Symphony, in A major, by Daniel Gregory Mason, given by the Philharmonic under Bruno Walter. Laid out on large lines, this piece shows the hand of a musician of distinguished intelligence, broadly imaginative conception and extensive technical equipment. The music, essentially dramatic in character, has a strong New England tang. Though outwardly reserved and sombre, there is an undercurrent of romantic feeling which arouses thoughts of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The themes are sharply etched and are treated firmly and succinctly; the scoring has character, clarity and a keen color-sense. There is a refreshing absence of the slightest bombast or prolixity. Mr. Mason has placed another fine art-work to his credit and to that of American music.

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY, that tireless purveyor of the new, favored us with an *Ode Symphonique* from the pen of Aaron Copland, one of the luminaries of "our little circle of serious thinkers," of whose output this piece is a typical example. It was evolved in honor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fiftieth anniversary. We must admit that Mr. Copland's music has, in the deeper sense, a certain appropriateness for a fiftieth birthday, since such an occasion is scarcely an agreeable one to most of us. The *Ode* is provided with a program note by its composer, who appears to have experienced difficulties in understanding his own music: this, like all oracular utterances, admitting of more than one explanation. There was much applause from a small but strong-handed claque in the rear of the house; the rest of the audience appeared, for the most part, to regret the absence of a matador.

The London String Quartet—in the writer's estimation the best chamber music organization heard this season—introduced us to Francesco Malipiero's new string quartet *Cantari alla Madrigalesca*, in which the Venetian master gives us a modern and original treatment of thematic material derived mainly from traditional folk-song. In two contrasted movements, this piece is rich in feeling and vitality; attaining at times a high level of atmospheric charm. It is dedicated, as are many such serious works today, to Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge, who has done priceless service to musical art in encouraging this, its purest and most intimate form, to whose literature this new Malipiero work is a contribution of real worth.

We have at last had the pleasure, too long deferred, of hearing Edward Elgar's great oratorio, *The Dream of Gerontius*. How intensely personal is this vast music!—music which Elgar must have lived and experienced as he composed it to the poem which was the utterance of Cardinal Newman's inmost self. Although many of us may not be in complete agreement with the theological viewpoint of the text, yet it is impossible to be unmoved by its tremendous sincerity and dramatic magnificence, thrown into the highest relief by music no whit less inspired and glamorous in its conception, from the gloomy puissance of the orchestral introduction to the ethereal loveliness of the final choral pages.

The Oratorio Society of New York, conducted by Albert Stoessel, gave a performance which—despite a few slight weaknesses here and there—possessed a breadth of line, a vigor and enthusiasm which amply revealed to the hearer the piercing beauty and dramatic sweep of this choral masterpiece.

The soli, chorus and orchestra acquitted themselves more than creditably in their difficult task. Mr. Dan Gridley's singing in the exacting rôle of *Gerontius* was of outstanding excellence both vocally and artistically. Mme. Nevada Van der Veer's fine contralto voice was used with dignity and discriminating intelligence. The feature of the performance, however, was Mr. Stoessel's admirable conducting: he showed that fine feeling for clarity and balance, as well as that just sense of dramatic values, which we have learned to expect from this distinguished and intellectual musician. That the audience could have been larger is a distinct reflection on New York's musical taste. A memorable evening!

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM made his reappearance as guest conductor with the Philharmonic. It is a pity that this excellent leader seems to feel it incumbent upon him to dance his pieces as well as conduct them, for this factor often distracts the attention of his audience from the genuine merit of his readings.

The latter, mostly of compositions both tried and true, are altogether sound and satisfactory, with good tone quality and solid, well built climaxes. Sir Thomas earned much applause by a particularly effective rendition of Strauss' *Heldenleben*, of which we have heard at least one exceedingly poor performance this season.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

The New Books

(Continued from Page 233)

car garage. Turning from the Hoover of Liggett to the *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes*[27] of Silas Bent is like . . . . well, it's like turning from Hoover to Holmes. There is, of course, the initial shock of Silas Bent finding something he can approve. Holmes receives from Bent about the same kind of treatment that would be accorded by any biographer of reasonable ability and enough common sense to avoid the current dogma that Holmes was weaned on Mount Olympus. Through Gordon Craig's book on *Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self*[28] you read along, waiting in vain for the biographer to say something about his subject. But it is all about Gordon Craig. In any case, if a comprehensible picture is to be made, a son is the last person who should write his mother's biography, since he is probably the last person who could understand her. This book might be called caviar for the general, and rather poor caviar at that.

There are three adventure yarns we'd like to recommend. The first is H. Bedford-Jones' *Drums of Dambala*[29], a first-rate historical story of Haiti under Toussaint L'Ouverture, with plots and counterplots, murders, massacres, beautiful, hellish mulattoes, voodoo papalois, gold-laced black generals, jungle rites and sich, complicating the efforts of Paul O'Donnell to accomplish his secret mission. The second is Stewart Edward White's *The Long Rifle*[30], telling how Andy Burnett fell heir at sixteen to Dan'l Boone's rifle and started west. For more than 500 pages he traps, explores, fights Injuns in a somewhat pedestrian story, which suffers from an effort to get into it a complete picture of the times—an effort that makes it more history than adventure, and from the stiffness and unreality of the conversation. The third is Aubrey Boyd's *Smoky Pass*[31], adventure and mystery story of the Yukon in '97, with plenty of fighting—plain, fancy, barroom and rifle—and a gal masquerading as a boy.

While you're waiting for the selected list of detective stories we will print next month, don't miss Agatha Christie's *Peril at End House*, which will head the list.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

27. Vanguard, $4.50.
28. Dutton, $3.50.
29. Covici, Friede, $2.00.
30. Doubleday, $2.50.
31. Dutton, $2.00.

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From the Life

▶▶*Old Age*

A SHORT while ago she died. And the newspapers were astonished. But her descendants, sixty-seven reputable souls, enveloped her in a cloud of witnesses. It was true. Their grandmother, their great-grandmother, had lived to be one hundred and eighteen years old. More than that, she had died as she was born, without needing spectacles, crutches or earphones. She had died, after a swift illness, thinking clearly and loving life.

It would have been nice if the newspapers could have answered their own astonishment with the triumphant announcement that she was American. "Oldest and most typical American. Pioneer stock. Ascribes age to such-and-such American custom; to this or that American belief; to something or other in the American constitution."

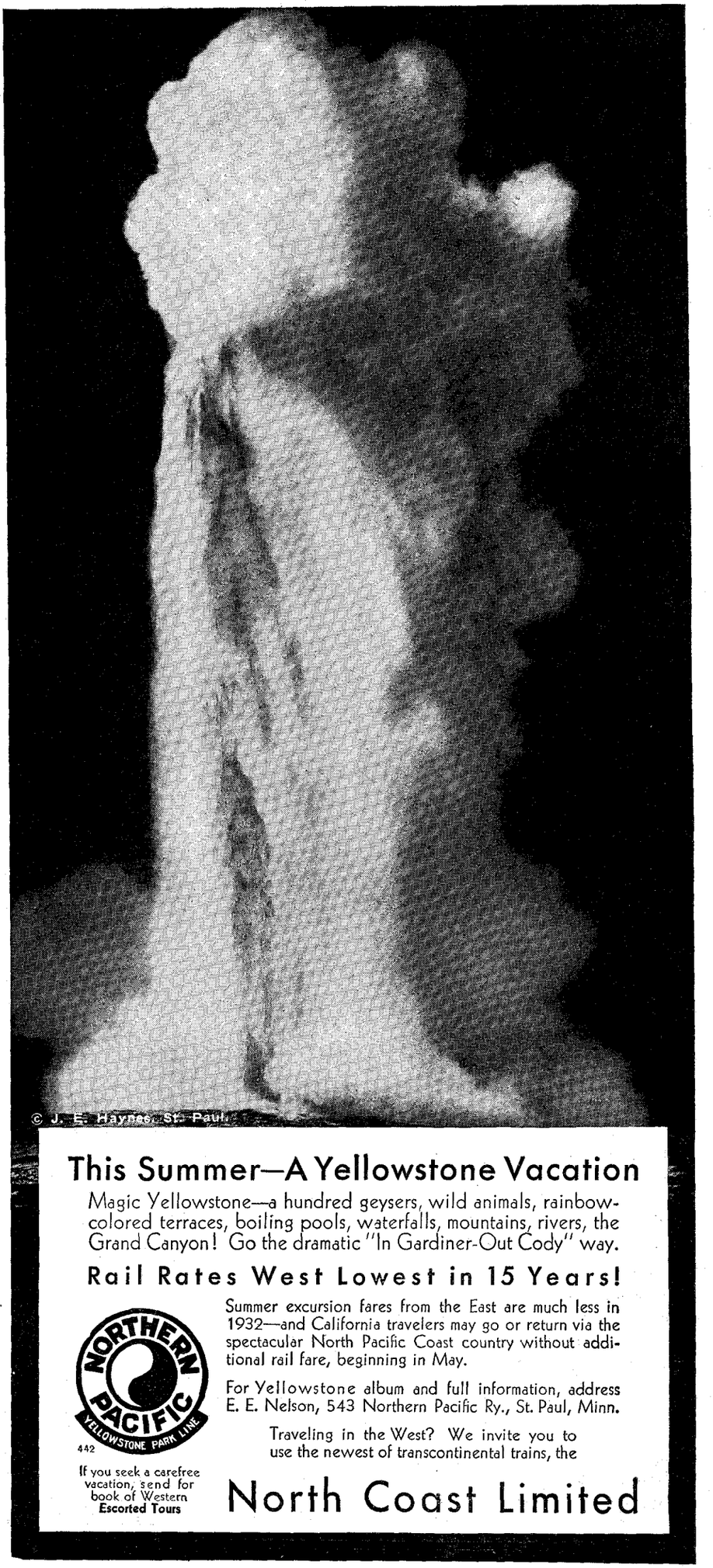
But she had not been born an American. Her name was Jewish. She had been born in a foreign country and had lived tranquilly there to an age at which the statistical average are removed to heaven. Then, in her sixties, with her husband and those of her ten children who were not independently established, she had come to start life in a new country with as little fuss and concern as—only the other day—she left it.

The newspapers were really concerned. They felt vaguely that in this news item was something significant; a recipe—an advertisement—at least a roadmap. They must somehow pin down this remarkable life in print. The difficulty lay in finding out what was remarkable.

Perhaps, hazarded the newspapers, she had held a great and sustaining belief? Or (allowing their minds for a moment to be brushed by the magic of their own superstitions), had she no superstitions that gave her an hypnotic power, beyond other people?

The newspapers asked her friends and the friends shook their heads. No more religious than those who had died young. No special way of living—no rules—no panaceas. And as for superstitions, she had listened to those of other people without criticism—but for herself—No. She had only smiled.

The newspapers turned next to the neighbors. What was she like? How had they seen her? And the neighbors hesitated, trying to draw for the newspapers the picture that was in their minds. Not like an old person (they drew it in carefully), not careless of how she looked to other people; but with a neatness that was like a picture to look at. What she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wore must always be fine and fresh and simple. And it had seemed as though that pleased her, that made her happy—with no effort—to look like that.

The newspapers felt that this was very creditable; but could it explain how anyone might live to that great age? Too many exquisite people had gone early to their graves.

But even the family could add little more. They agreed, almost apologetically, that she had been strong. But as she had grown older and smaller and more frail—as if the wind might blow through her, or a sudden darkness float her into oblivion—how could they have allowed her to do any work? But she had been eager to work and had loved it; she had insisted that housework never hurt anybody—certainly not a body as strong and accustomed as hers. It had been hard to manage her, the family said.

But nothing had been so hard as that business of the nurse. For she had refused to have a nurse—a companion. And at that age, as everybody knew, it should be necessary. And so they had provided one. She had been almost angry with them—and she was never angry—going on just the same and doing what she wanted to about the house. Of course that had been years ago and she had gotten over it—had grown fond of the nurse as she had been of all of them .... In fact it was the nurse who had been taken sick only a few weeks ago. And the grandmother, though so small and delicate, had become indomitable. She had nursed her nurse! And no one could have stopped her.

Nevertheless, that was what had stopped her, finally. The nurse was soon well of her cold; but the grandmother stopped suddenly, and after a few days of it was gone.

The family was kind to the newspapers. Yes, her husband had died nearly thirty years ago, an old man. Even her children had all died before her.

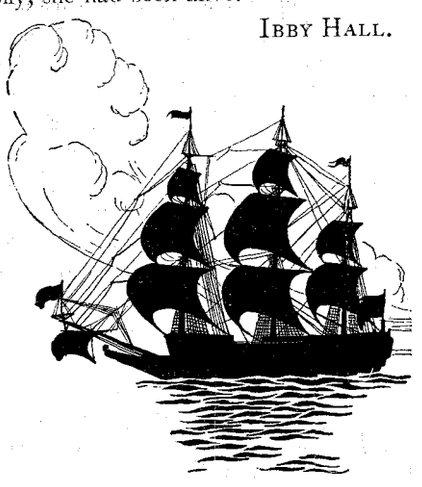
But a great-grandson took the newspapers aside—Did they wish to know the secret of his great-grandmother? She was adventurous! He himself was studying to be an aviator, and she—one hundred and eighteen years old—had been all eagerness to fly with him. It had been a secret between them—when he would have his license they were to fly.

But still the newspapers were dubious. The boy himself was adventurous, but would he live to be the age of his great-grandmother?

And so they went back to their copy desks and wrote it down without an explanation. The headlines carried the tremendous fact. 118 YEARS. But there was no way to pin her down in print.

They merely told all they had found—told unconsciously the story of a woman who had known no limitations and recognized no horizons. And how could she be limited by type when time could not limit her, or circled by words when all the griefs and fears of humanity had not been able to close her in? They could not explain how for so long and so completely, so passionately and so happily, she had been alive.

IBBY HALL.



The Russian Nudists

(Continued from Page 222)

on the meadows outside of Moscow. Winter came, and with it the test of the sincerity of those fanatics who had promised never, no never, to wear clothes again. Here the Department of Health's proclamation did kind service. Nobody had to go back on his word. If the government forbade nude appearance on the streets no good proletarian would disobey. Of course none of them put on their clothes to keep warm. They were all good citizens and Comrade Semashko was an expert and all Russians worship experts, and this expert had said it was not good to go naked in the city's dust, and so there you had a perfectly good reason to pull on the old white roubashka, the narrow-calved trousers, the long boots and even the fur hat and the shuba. Everyone was comfortable again, even if the snow did fall and there was no dust in a thousand miles.

THE Soviet government has another very sound reason, the most important reason for not wishing to discourage the nude culture movement. It must have been observed by anyone who ever attended a nude culture assembly of any kind in any country that the most radically levelling action that can be taken among mankind is to remove their clothing. How very much of the social rank, the professional bearing, the fundamental feeling of individuality depends upon clothing can be best established by its removal among a crowd of strangers. The standard of judgment immediately changes. In the nude, class differences disappear. Workmen, peasants, office employees, professional men, become suddenly just human beings. This, in a summary form, epitomizes the chief aim, the not yet realized goal of the Soviet revolutionists. And this is why the nude culture movement has been so effectively t h o u g h unostentatiously propagated throughout the Soviet Union that today, this summer, on every one of its rivers, on the shores of all its lakes and seas, literally millions of men and women swim, bathe and lie in the sun unclothed, casually, naturally and as though there were no other way to go about it.

The famous Five-Year Plan, for the industrialization of the Soviet Union, and which comprises not merely a program for building and manufacturing but a schedule to regulate the life of every human being in the country, has had occasion to concern itself even with chess and checkers, and a five-year plan has been worked out for both games but not for nude culture. The nation is too thor-

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oughly converted to the advantages of going without clothing at the proper time of the year and at the proper place, to need further instruction.

Nowhere is this more evident than on the Black Sea. Along that magnificent stretch of shore from Batum to Sebastopol, the metal-blue waters of the semi-tropical ocean lap a beach that shelters the largest colony of nude culture enthusiasts on earth. Some of the beaches near the cities have the familiar thin, low wooden wall to separate the sexes. Others, as at Batum, divide men from women only by a single strand of wire. Others leave the question of separation of the sexes to the tact of the bathers. It is seldom violated. Curiosity, prurient inquisitiveness as a matter of fact is virtually quenched by the almost universal public acceptance of nude bathing. Eros has a minor rôle on the beach at swimming time. The age-old adage that clothes were created to lure, to stimulate, is borne out afresh, and only in the evening when the young visitors to the Red Riviera don their clothing does romance begin to play its accustomed part.

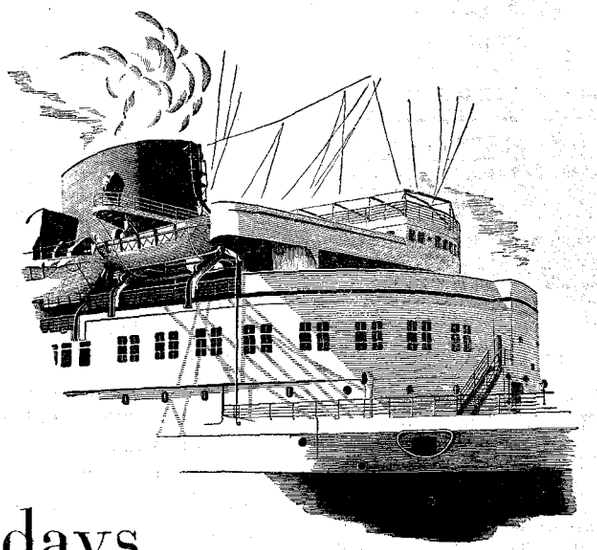
Give 'Em Hell, Carter

(Continued from Page 220)

teristically, he announced that he was forced to do so because of the drought "and the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill." Depression and old age together could not tie his tongue. During a Senate-House conference Glass called a Representative "mendacious." When the Representative threatened to withdraw, Glass said: "Go back where you came from and let someone come here who has the rudimentary instincts of a gentleman and at least the elementary conception of the truth." Irritated not long ago when an appointee of his to the Naval Academy was turned down because he did not have "twenty-four vital, serviceable teeth," Glass asked, "Do they have to bite the enemy?" More recently Glass noted that Dr. Copeland was speaking in the Senate and that he was to be followed by Henrik Shipstead, the dentist Senator from Minnesota. Glass walked into the Democratic cloakroom and solemnly announced: "Gentlemen, our beauty doctor is now addressing the United States Senate and when he has finished we will hear from our tooth-puller." Just the other day Glass was told that none of the credit measures recently enacted by the Democrats and Republicans could reach the fundamental problem of restoring buying power. When Glass agreed he was asked what Congress was going to do about it. He cocked his head, looked toward the White House, and released one of his characteristic snarls: "Call a mass meeting."

Glass does not admit that he is getting old. He is still riled when any one offers an arm on crossing a street. He is still full of energy. Fifteen minutes actual observation of him in the Senate showed the following action: Glass takes his seat at desk, takes out his glasses, starts reading the *Record*, stops reading, sits in deep thought, rubs his hands across his cheek, pinches his nose, and looks around the chamber. A page brings him a card, Glass scowls, takes out his glasses again, reads the card, shakes his head, hands the card back to the page, picks up the *Record*, and starts reading again. He stops reading, beats a tattoo on his knee, takes off his glasses, looks around, scowls again, puts the *Record* on front of desk, takes out the *Congressional Directory*, glances at it, scowls, puts it on desk, then pulls out drawer, puts the *Directory* away, gets up, walks over to the Republican side of the chamber, looks at the Senator who has the floor and walks back to rear of the Democratic side. Glass sits down and starts talking with a Senator, laughs, his entire body heaving, and slaps the Senator's leg. Glass gets up and walks off, turns around and comes back, says something which brings another hearty laugh and then walks away. He stops at the rear of the chamber, turns his left ear toward the speaker, walks over to the Republican side, stands there a moment and then goes out through one of the doors. Glass comes back in through another door, walks over to his seat, sits down, reads something, gets up and walks over to the Republican side of the Senate, stops between two desks, listens a moment and then asks permission to interrupt.

Then we have Glass in action—the same old Glass. And yet there is one change. For a quarter of a century it was common knowledge that Glass never used a stronger word than his quaint "dad-bum." In the last three years, in the three years of Hoover, he has taken to saying "damn."



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Lindbergh and the Press

(Continued from Page 214)

well taken that it is not by the suppression or even the shackling of the press that the United States may return to sanity and security. But cheap sentimentality in the news columns, the unwarranted overdisplay of sensation and an almost incredible space for material only remotely related to actual news, certainly is not the way for American newspapers to recapture and hold that respect which will make them a power in the land.

Charles A. Lindbergh has suffered more, probably, than any other citizen at the hands of newspaper men. They capitalized for revenue only (their revenue) a stunt flight to France, they built up around his personality a myth which he had never been quite free to dissipate, they outrageously invaded the privacy of his honeymoon and his married life, and now they have made more difficult, if not impossible, the return by kidnapers of his son to Mrs. Lindbergh's arms.

Colonel Lindbergh has an ugly score against the daily press.

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